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The Leatherneck
It is irregular



A VISIT WITH
THE COMMANDANT

★ THE V12 PROGRAM
IN PICTURES ★

THE MARINE
"KING"

JANUARY, 1944

COPY 25c

BETTY GRABLE
STARRING IN THE FORTHCOMING
20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
"PIN-UP GIRL"

WITH THE BOYS...It's
CHESTERFIELD

You see Chesterfields everywhere... these days—and why? Because they give smokers what they want in a cigarette. Chesterfields are mild, better-tasting and no wonder...they're made of the tobaccos that grow. And that's not all—it's the blend—the Right Combination of these tobaccos that makes Chesterfield the cigarette that *Satisfies*



The Leatherneck



ON THE COVER

This month's cover is a portrait of the Commandant, Lieutenant General Thomas Holcomb, painted by Lieutenant Commander McClelland Barclay, USNR, who is reported missing in action.

THE STAFF

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The Commandant

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EDITOR IN CHIEF

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TSgt. E. W. Drake; Sgts. F. E. Beck, R. W. Dorethy, Corp. E. B. Bond.

Over the Editors' Shoulder



ONE of our readers wrote us that the December issue, first of the new Leatherneck, is "just as good as any big commercial magazine." That was a nice letter to receive, but frankly, we don't feel that we're that good.

There are differences between the bigger magazines and The Leatherneck. On some bases of comparison we'd come out second best. But there's one on which we'd come out on top. That's the real effort we make to see that our subscribers get their copies of the magazine.

If you were buying a commercial magazine, any one you wish to name, it would be up to you to let the publisher know if you moved so that he could keep your copy coming to you. If you didn't forward your change of address it would be just too bad. You probably wouldn't get any more copies.



With The Leatherneck it's a different proposition. We are not a commercial magazine set up to make money. We're organized to perform a service to the Marine Corps. Consequently, we feel, and rightly so, that when a man subscribes to The Leatherneck, it imposes a moral obligation on us to see that his copy gets to him, no matter in what part of the world he may be.

That means that when we mail out a copy to a man who has moved and it comes back to us, we immediately set to work trying to find his new address. We check the files at headquarters; if we have his home address we write to his folks, and, in fact, we use every way we can to discover his whereabouts so that his book may get to him. Sometimes, by the time we find out about one move he has changed his address a second time, so that our first job of finding his address turns out to be time wasted.

But this really doesn't discourage us—that is, the work doesn't. What does discourage us is the knowledge that now and then a subscriber fails to get his copy in spite of all that we may try to do.

All it takes on your part to keep The Leatherneck coming to you promptly is a post card giving us your new address along with your old one.



We were so busy patting ourselves on the back in our last issue that we failed to mention three men who gave us invaluable aid in producing our new magazine. They are Mr. Hugh Grimshaw and Mr. J. B. Fisher of Publications Corporation, and Mr. Spence Wildey, Art Editor of Woman's Home Companion.

I aim to have a bank balance when I get home!



• That's a good too, Leatherneck. B to make a hit with or her. And the eas to have that bank is to start an allotment with your disbursing officer. Fill out an identification blank, have your Commanding Officer certify your signature, and mail to any one of the Bank of America branches in California. Bank of America will acknowledge your first allotment promptly and add interest at regular rates.

Bank of America


NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS

Bank of America branches are located in cities and towns throughout California. You may start your allotment at any branch.

Main Offices in Two Reserve cities of California... San Francisco... Los Angeles

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
Member Federal Reserve System

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Are your eyes wide open?

If they are, then take a look at the *color* of the tobacco in Raleigh Cigarettes. Compare it with the color of tobaccos in other popular-priced brands. No, your eyes don't deceive you—the rich, mellow tobacco leaves in Raleighs are more golden. That's why Raleighs are a milder, better-tasting smoke. Try a pack today!

Raleighs



TUNE IN Red Skelton Tues-
days, Hildegard Wednes-
days, NBC Network.

PLAIN ENDS OR TIPPED
UNION MADE

Sound Off



★ ★ ★ ★

RHOADS' PUBLIC

Sirs:

In a recent edition of **LEATH-ERNECK** I saw a request for an autographed drawing of Gizmo and Eightball. If it is possible I, too, would greatly appreciate such a swell favor. I am a great admirer of Sergeant Rhoads' two prize Marines, and especially when in their forest green uniforms. I hope I haven't caused you too much time and trouble. I thank you very much.

Mr. Gerard J. Dilworth.

1813 East 37th St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

P. S. I'm only fifteen years old, but I'll be in the Marine Corps just as soon as I am old enough and graduate from high school. Thank you.

Sirs:

I wish to thank you heartily for the sketch of Gizmo and Eightball which Sgt. Rhoads recently did for me. It was an exciting moment when I first spied your envelope upon returning from school today. The picture was a beauty and just as I like all Marines, in their greens. Today I am the envy of all my Marine-admiring friends. I intend to have it framed and put in my room until such time as I am old enough to join you in the ranks of the best fighting organization in the world. Thanks again and keep up the swell strip.

"Jerry Dilworth of
Marine-Conscious Brooklyn".

• Artist Rhoads and the editors are pleased that 15-year-old Jerry Dilworth of "Marine-Conscious Brooklyn" is happy. They hope that when the time comes he gets his "forest green" uniform. In the meantime let Jerry study hard and keep physically fit in high school.—Eds.

WOMEN AT QUANTICO

Sirs:

Just finished your article on "femarines". It's o. k. if they want to take over New River. I wasn't there long enough to like it, anyway not the winter I was there—in tents. But please don't tell me that they're at Quantico too! That's home, and if I stay in this outfit that's where I want to die. You know what I mean.

Sgt. Frank C. McCarahan.

Somewhere in the South Pacific.

• Sgt. McCarahan can put his mind "at ease". The Women's Reserve has "taken over" neither New River nor Quantico. They merely "brighten up" the place.—Eds.

AIR CREW WINGS

Sirs:

Can you give me any information on the so-called "Air Combat Crew Wings"?

"Query".

New River, N. C.



• A circular letter regarding the issuance and wearing of the Marine Corps Air Crew insignia is being prepared and will be furnished all posts and stations in the very near future.—Eds.

How Accidents Claim Marines' Lives



A Dud Shell Picked
Up on an Artillery
Range Was Taken to
a Bouac Where It
Exploded, Bringing
Injury to Several
Men in the Area.

Fay has a way that makes patrons enthuse

She serves good old Pabst
made from 33 brews!



When someone asks Fay for
"a bottle of beer,"

The Blue Ribbon label
is sure to appear,

For Fay has discovered,
as time has elapsed,

That nothing can equal
this full-flavored Pabst!

DISCOVER for yourself what a difference full-flavor blending makes. . . . No fewer than 33 fine brews are blended to give Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer all the delicious taste-tones of a well-rounded, "complete" beer.

This softer, kindlier-tasting beer is sold at better places everywhere—on tap or in regular or quart-size bottles. So join the contented fraternity that agrees there's no finer beer in all the world than Pabst Blue Ribbon!

33
FINE BREWS
BLENDED INTO
ONE GREAT
BEER...



"BLUE RIBBON TOWN" IS ON THE AIR! Starring
GROUCHO MARX . . . Famous Stars . . . Coast-to-
Coast CBS Network . . . Every SATURDAY NIGHT

Corp. 1945,
Pabst Brewing Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.

PA



*"Joe claims I enlisted just to be sure
of getting Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish"*

47

THE ENTIRE PRODUCTION OF DYANSHINE LIQUID SHOE
POLISH IS NOW BEING SHIPPED TO OUR ARMED FORCES

What Servicemen Talk About

Winning the war? Not so much. The best way to pass inspection? More than you might think! That's why Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish is so much discussed—so eagerly sought after.

These men know the wisdom of using the best materials where service is hard and preservation of equipment

is vital. They know that Dyanshine is worth the price because it is easy to put on, easy to polish, and easy on the leather.

Many of these men know this because their dads, veterans of the last war, used Dyanshine from 1918 until last year. Since then, of course, Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish is available only to you men in the service.

DYANSHINE *Liquid* **SHOE POLISH**
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



To Those Who Prefer Paste Shoe Polish
Dyanshine Paste is available in Military Brown, Cordovan, Russet Tan, Oxblood, and Black. Packed in convenient wide-mouthed, 4-oz. jars.

BARTON MANUFACTURING CO.
4137 N. KINGSHIGHWAY
ST. LOUIS, MO.

COOKS' CHEVRONS

Sirs:

Effective 1 July, 1943, all Marine Corps commissary personnel below the rank of Staff Sergeant were elevated one pay grade in accordance with Letter of Instruction No. 444.

Some organizations authorized an additional chevron for Assistant Cooks, Field Cooks, and Chief Cooks (Assistant Cooks—Corporal's chevrons; Field Cooks—Sergeant's chevrons; Chief Cooks—Staff Sergeant's chevrons); others required the men to wear the same number of chevrons as before. The result has been confusing to men being transferred from one post to another where the custom was different.

To standardize procedure throughout the Marine Corps, could you please settle the question of chevrons for these personnel?

Cpl. Morris L. Kight.
Marine Corps Base,
San Diego 41, Calif.

• Most recent word from Headquarters is that Assistant Cooks in the fifth paygrade will wear Corporal's chevrons; Field Cooks, fourth paygrade, Sergeant's chevrons; and Chief Cooks, third paygrade, Staff Sergeant's chevrons.—Eds.

"MARINES' WAR"

Sirs:

Page 10 of the August issue of LEATHERNECK entitled: "Marines' Seven League Boots Step on Japs Again", gives the impression that Marines are doing all the fighting in the South Pacific. If this is true what I would like to know is: Why do the boys from the Army and Navy have to be over here? It seems the Marines are fighting this war by themselves!

Forest A. Hammond,
B. M. 2/C.
Somewhere in the South Pacific.

• Marines know full well and appreciate the contributions of Soldiers, Sailors and Coast Guardsmen in the war. However, space limitations confine our stories mainly to Marine Corps activity.—Eds.

MEDALS TO MARINES

Sirs:

Guess maybe you've noticed that the Marines are still doing the deeds that warrant the medals.

I recently saw a tabulation of the citations for which the first 55 Congressional Medals of Honor were awarded in this war, and a quick check disclosed that 13 of them have gone to Marines.

That's better than 23 per cent to members of an outfit whose total strength comprises about 4 per cent of the armed forces of the nation.

Yet since Guadalcanal, have the American people really been given any clear idea of what the Marines are doing?

Gyrene.

New River, N. C.

• LEATHERNECK seeks to do its part by keeping its readers informed of what Marines are doing. Records show that the first Congressional Medal of Honor was won by a Marine, Corp. Joseph Mackie, in 1862. A member of the 6th Regiment, John Joseph Kelly, was in the first group to receive the Medal of Honor during World War I and 1st Lt. George H. Cannon posthumously received the first one for World War II for his heroic action at Sand Island, Midway, on December 7, 1941.

YOUNG "GRAMP"

Sirs:

In glancing through the August LEATHERNECK I came across an excerpt in Short Shorts saying that Pvt. Leonard N. Crowder, age 42, Carlisle, Ark., claimed he was the youngest grand-dad in the Marine Corps. Well, he's wrong. Here in the First Marine Division, in the Division Band, there's a man from Virginia called Bandmaster Grear. Gunner William Grear, Jr., is 39, and a grandfather! . . .

As our Major says, they start pretty young in the hills of Virginia. Can you find a younger grand-pappy anywhere in the Marine Corps?

PFC Alex E. Nagorka.
Somewhere in the South Pacific.

• Young gramps please sound off.—Eds.



Is American Marine! All Looking Same
Because are Taking Hon. Vitamin Pills

cool shaves

Score hit after hit
for Comfort!



Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers.

BLITZED with shaving bite and burn? Strafed by incendiary nicks and scrapes? Then you'd better strengthen your shaving defenses, Mister. Put Ingram's Shaving Cream in supreme command!

Ingram's wilts your whiskers without red tape or delay—makes your beard

a sitting duck for your scampering, sharpshooting blade. And, Man, is that Ingram's lather COOL, COOL, COOL! It soothes and refreshes your skin. Yes, all the while it helps to condition your skin for smooth shaving.

An Ingram's shave leaves you smoother, younger-looking and cool-feeling. And long after your razor is back in the bag, the cool, comfortable feeling lasts. Get Ingram's today, in tube, at any drug store or Post-Ex



INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

Product of Bristol-Myers



IN JAR OR TUBE

Cigarettes? LISTEN



One says this—the other says that.

But *here* is cold scientific proof that PHILIP MORRIS is the cigarette for you.

In tests with men and women smokers, eminent doctors found and reported that:

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED.

When a cigarette has this *proved* superiority . . . and, in addition, is finer-flavored, finer-tasting . . .

Isn't that what you're after?

P.S.

We claim no curative powers for PHILIP MORRIS. But we do say—and the evidence proves—that this cigarette is far less irritating to a smoker's nose and throat. Try it.



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

FAVORITES

Sirs:

In a recent poll a number of show girls were asked: "What type of service man appeals to you most and why?"

The outcome was a glorious victory for the Leathernecks! Eight of the chicks voted for the soldiers because they considered the boys in khaki "the best dancers to romantic ballads". Another eight cast their ballots for the swabbies, their reason being that "sailors are the best jitterbugs". One, probably an alien, preferred the Marines. No reason was stated, but no doubt it was out of sheer sympathy.

From this little bit of heartening news, the average Gyrene can safely assume he is in great demand among the fair sex. So just forget about the glamour of those hard won campaign ribbons, fellas, 'cause if you can't jilt, you just ain't nowhere.

Pardon me, is Arthur Murray in?

Yours 'til the Marine Corps "snaps in" on soft shoe numbers.

PFC Raymond F. O'Donnell, Sgt. E. S. Hastings, PFC Melvin Koppelman, Cherry Point, N. C.

• Show-gals who think Gyrenes can't jitterbug have never seen them do the "Duck-Waddle" or run the obstacle course.—Eds.

LOU'S PETS

Sirs:

In the July LEATHERNECK "Field Notes" stated that Lou Diamond left his chickens and assorted pets in San Diego. The August edition which carries the life story of the "Oldest Man" says he left them in New River. In the name of Marine Corps history this matter should be straightened out!

Could it be possible to run a story on the work of our regiment or others like it? We are all good LEATHERNECK readers and would like to gain some sort of recognition for our work in present and past days.

PFC Chests Engelman, Somewhere in the South Pacific.

• For all we know "Gunny" Lou Diamond has pets scattered all the way from New River to Guadalcanal. He is at present at Parris Island where he is doubtless acquiring new ones. As to a story on "our outfit", LEATHERNECK invites PFC Engelman or other members of his or other regiments to "write up the story" and send us the dope.—Eds.

"SEMPER FIDELIS"

Sirs:

"Semper Fidelis" of Minneapolis, Minn., has officially opened its new recreation and slumber rooms for servicemen at the Minnesotan Hotel. These rooms were donated by Mr. Slyfert, manager of the hotel, and were furnished by members of the club and donations of other Minnesota Semper Fidelis Clubs.

The recreation room includes a ping-pong table, phonograph and records, various games, magazines, a radio, and facilities for refreshments. Members of Semper Fidelis serve as hostesses, and are on duty every day from eight o'clock in the morning until ten-thirty at night—later if attendance warrants it. Visiting Marines are given candy, gum, and cigarettes before leaving. To date, almost 300 Marines have registered as guests of the rooms, as well as about 100 other servicemen.

The slumber room is furnished with five beds and a full bath and shower. Linens and miscellaneous supplies were received at a "shower" for the rooms.

Mrs. Norman S. Mitchell is head of the committee for the project.

Miss Joy A. Rosenwald, 4633 So. Lyndale Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

• See December LEATHERNECK, page 66, for picture of Minneapolis Semper Fidelis Clubs.—Eds.

A private, rear rank, known as Buck
Gets most of the mail in the truck—
From Maine, Jersey, Texas
And all marked with X's—
Vitalis sure brings a guy luck!



For well-groomed, handsome hair—
Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout!"

JUST using Vitalis won't bring Mr. Whiskers' mail trucks rolling up to your tepee. But there's more truth than poetry in the jingle above. Neat, well-groomed hair is a sign you know the time of day and deserve the time of dames. So begin with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" right away!

Rub Vitalis vigorously on your scalp. Feel the "tingle" that announces circulation is being awakened in your scalp.

As you apply Vitalis, you help to defend your hair against sun that might bake it lifeless... showers that drench away necessary scalp oils.

Next, comb your hair. It's easy to manage, no trouble to keep in place. And that subdued, good-looking lustre would never remind anyone of a "patent-leather" shine. So get yourself a bottle of Vitalis at your Post Exchange, or any drug store, today!

Product of Bristol-Myers

VITALIS

UNDER WARTIME CONDITIONS

Wartime Vitalis is made under government restrictions that affect most products today. But you still get all three benefits from Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout". (1) Keeps hair well-groomed (2) helps rout loose dandruff and (3) helps prevent excessive falling hair.



"First Mirage I've Seen With Curb Service."



Another Zero Nearer that *Great Day!*

If you think Zeros don't add up, better revise your pre-Pearl Harbor mathematics . . . and *ask the man who downs one!*

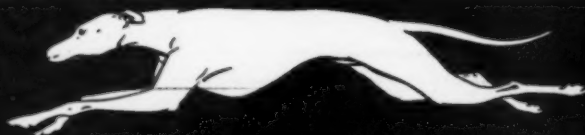
The fighter pilot who has just chalked up his third victory is three long steps nearer home — nearer the girl who's waiting — *nearer that great day of homecoming.*

Greyhound's share in bringing our fighters back to the land they love consists of carrying manpower and woman-

power — supplying the vital transportation that is life-blood to war production. Today, with more than 4,000 Greyhound employees in the fighting forces, another 17,000 others are helping carry the war load here at home.

And when this war is won, look ahead to luxurious, scenic travel on a brand new scale — marked by the economy that made Greyhound famous — made to measure for a new and better world!

GREYHOUND



MINNESOTA MOTHERS

Sirs:

We would like to acquaint the readers of the LEATHERNECK Magazine with our Hibbing, Minn., "Semper Fidelis Club" composed of mothers of Marines.

Some time ago a few of our mothers met informally, more as a social get-together. So many of the mothers worked that we thought we were too busy to belong to a club.

However, we heard of the Minneapolis "Semper Fidelis Club, Inc." We wrote to them, they graciously gave us permission to use their name and encouraged us to organize.

Now we have a grand club! And strange as it seems to us, we all find time to work in the interest of the Marines.

We are active in promoting the sale of war bonds and stamps. We write letters and send gifts. In fact do anything to boost the morale of our Marines.

We edit a paper too—a newsy little "rag" we call "Batting the Breeze" in which we let our enthusiasm cover our lack of journalistic knowledge.

Mrs. Willetta Brandt.

Rt. 1, Box 69,
Hibbing, Minn.

** We think Minnesota mothers are doing a grand job and setting a fine example for mothers of Marines everywhere.—Eds.*

LOST SEA-BAG

Sirs:

Can anyone help me find my lost sea-bag?

In the summer of 1942 I shipped out to the Solomons. En route we left our seabags at Wellington, New Zealand. Luckily, I was only wounded and was brought back to the States a few months later—minus my belongings.

My first sergeant at the Navy Yard has written to the Depositing Depot in the state of Utah, but they know nothing of my sea-bag's whereabouts.

PFC Robert L. Corwin.

Brooklyn Navy Yard

** Does any LEATHERNECK reader have any information concerning PFC Corwin's missing sea-bag?*

The Navy Dept. maintains two depots for the collection and storage of "lost" property; one on the east coast and one on the west coast. Marines returning from over-seas who are missing sea-bags or other effects may be able to locate them by communicating with the proper depot through channels. The addresses: Officer in Charge, Missing Effects Bureau, Naval Supply Depot, Scotia, N. Y. (for the east coast); Officer in Charge, Missing Effects Bureau, Naval Supply Depot, Clearfield, Utah (for the west coast).—Eds.

PROUD

Sirs:

I am a Marine of World War I days with two sons in the Corps and a third who is a U. S. Naval Aviation cadet hoping to become a Marine flier.

I am proud of the old Marine adage that cleanliness is next to Godliness and that neatness indicates a good Marine and a Marine is the world's best soldier.

J. F. Haugh.

East Orange, N. J.

CORRECTION

** The October issue of LEATHERNECK erroneously listed Pvt. John J. Supitkowsky as "killed in action." His name is being carried on the official records of the Marine Corps as "missing in action". The LEATHERNECK sincerely regrets the error.*

SIGN YOUR LETTERS

In the future only signed letters will appear in "SOUND OFF".—Eds.



Slipshod with a shovel
—but cautious about his smile!

Awkward Squad or Old Campaigner, gums, too, need care. Let Ipana and massage help you to a smile that will find fun on furlough.

IN THE British forces they'd call the new recruit a sapper. But over here, in the states, they shorten it to sap. Yet, while he rates F-minus at engineering, he definitely deserves an A for effort about his smile. You see, his gums—as well as his teeth—receive regular care.

Why do almost everybody's gums need care in this civilized age? It's be-

cause today's well-cooked foods—we all eat 'em!—can't give gums all the exercise they need. Sometimes, gums get flabby, sensitive, and a good way to help them stay firm and healthy is to use what so many dentists nowadays refer to as "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

When you brush your teeth with Ipana—massage a little more of it along your gums. Ipana and massage is the order of the day for teeth that have more sparkle, gums that are firmer, a more winning smile. Get Ipana Tooth Paste at your PX or any drug store.

Product of Bristol Myers

IPANA



AND MASSAGE





YOUNG SALT



REVALOO



OLD SALT



EAR BANGER



BUCKING



PRISONERS

An Artist Looks at a Marine Barracks

Somewhere in these sketches of life in a typical Marine Corps barracks you should be able to find yourself or your buddy. LEATHERNECK Staff Artist John DeGrasse who did these scenes had no particular persons in mind. Rather he was attempting to portray types that would strike a note familiar to all Marines.



TEN TILL
PAY DAY?



OFFICE
HOURS



PX



CHOW!
HOME STYLE



DRILL
CALL



SACK
TIME



A Special Preparation for *Daily* Shaving

**SAVES TIME AND FUSS
NEEDS NO BRUSH—NOT
STICKY OR GREASY**

THE IRRITATION that often comes from daily shaving . . . the nuisance of a wet shaving brush . . . these are two special problems of men in service.

To help solve these problems, Williams perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. Not sticky or greasy, it needs no brush.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

To use Glider, first wet your face, if conditions permit. Then apply Glider quickly and easily with your fingers—never a brush.

Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables your razor's sharp edge to glide over your skin easily . . . removing each completely softened whisker at the skin line *without scraping or irritating your face.*

INVALUABLE TO MEN IN SERVICE

To meet the shaving needs of men in service, Glider is invaluable. It saves time and fuss . . . and eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender skin. It leaves your face feeling softer and smoother—looking cleaner.

Glider was developed by The J. B. Williams Company, makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years. Get some today.

In tubes or jars



the **Straight Dope**



We nominate Betty Hutton for the leading role if the movies film the new book, "Under Cover." That's where she seems to belong.

Here's a good theme for all the pass receivers in football—"In My Arms, In My Arms."

Someday someone will write a story about a pretty stenographer and her boss and the boss loves the steno, and he isn't married, either—but no one will read the story.



One week Hollywood reports that Deanna Durbin never takes her wedding ring off her finger when she's making a movie, and the next week Hollywood reports that Deanna Durbin is divorcing her husband. Come now, let's get together on this thing.

Thoughtful thought for train and plane makers who expect a huge boom in post war travel: There are several million people in this world who, when the war is over, will want to do nothing but go home and stay there.

"Governor Keen Johnson of Kentucky asks whole state to hunt for scrap," says a news item. In the old days in Kentucky it wasn't necessary to hunt for a scrap.

There's a goodlooking newcomer in Hollywood named Virginia Mayo. Sam Goldwyn owns half of her contract, R-K-O the other. Now, which half does which one own?



There's a baseball player in the Pacific Coast League named Tincup. We keep thinking he ought to be an umpire.

All in a day in Flickerville—A girl gives birth to a baby she says is Chaplin's, Veronica Lake splits with her hubby, so does Deanna—and, oh yes, a blonde pops up and says Errol Flynn is the papa of her two-year-old son. Ho-hum, never a dull moment.

Corsicans believe in mixing pleasure with duty. They punished some girls accused of Axis sympathy by making them parade in the streets—naked.

A girl said she had lived in Los Angeles 21 years and had never been in a Hollywood movie studio. That's nothing, we know an actor who has been in Hollywood almost that long and he's never been in Los Angeles.



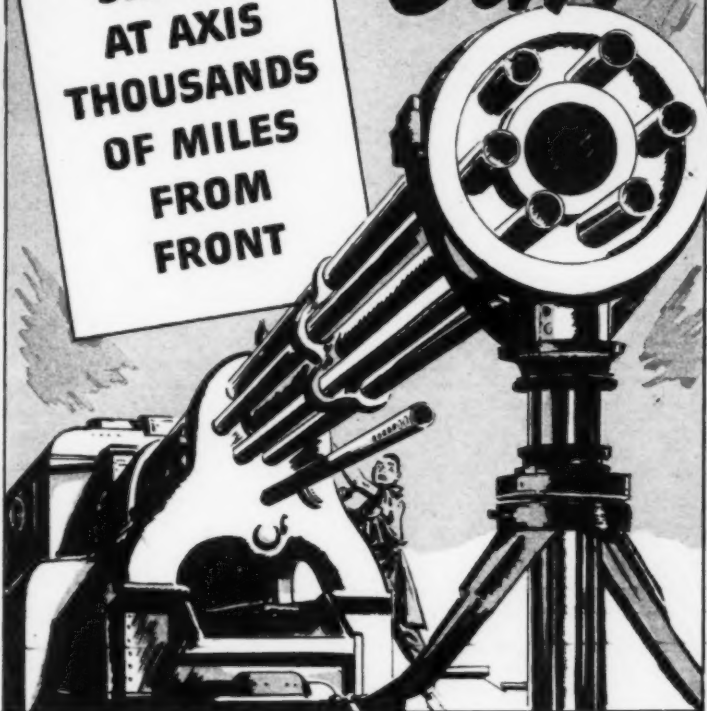
They say John Garfield likes to sit among youngsters in a theatre to study their reactions to love scenes on the screen. Not Charlie Chaplin—he has a more direct method of studying reactions.

A line from a Marine in the Southwest Pacific says they sing it "Lay that Pistol Packing Mamma Down, Babe."

RHM

MONSTER "GUN"

SHOOTS
AT AXIS
THOUSANDS
OF MILES
FROM
FRONT

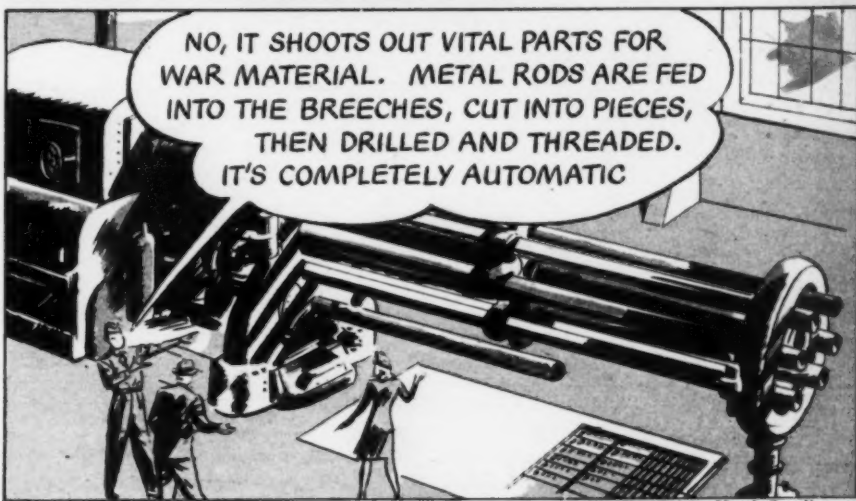


THIS MECHANISM IS ACTUALLY A
POWERFUL WEAPON, THOUGH
YOU SEE IT AT WORK
IN A WAR PLANT



YOU MEAN
IT SHOOTS
PROJECTILES?

NO, IT SHOOTS OUT VITAL PARTS FOR
WAR MATERIAL. METAL RODS ARE FED
INTO THE BREECHES, CUT INTO PIECES,
THEN DRILLED AND THREADED.
IT'S COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

THESE ARE FINISHED PARTS
READY FOR ASSEMBLY
INTO BATTLE
EQUIPMENT

THAT'S PERFECTLY
AMAZING! WELL, IT'S
ONE WAY TO HURRY THE
DAY OF PEACE



AT LEAST WE DON'T HAVE
TO WAIT FOR PEACE TO OUR
TONGUES, EH, CAPTAIN?
PRINCE ALBERT
SURELY IS THE
BITE-FREE SMOKE!



PA'S MILDNESS
WITH RICH
TASTE IS WHAT
MEN WANT IN
'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, TOO—
AND THE CRIMP CUT IS
A PRIZE FOR
EASY ROLLING



I TRAIN MY SIGHTS
ON MILDNESS
EVERY TIME I ROLL A
TASTY, EASY-TWIRLING
PRINCE ALBERT SMOKE

50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

70

fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert



PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

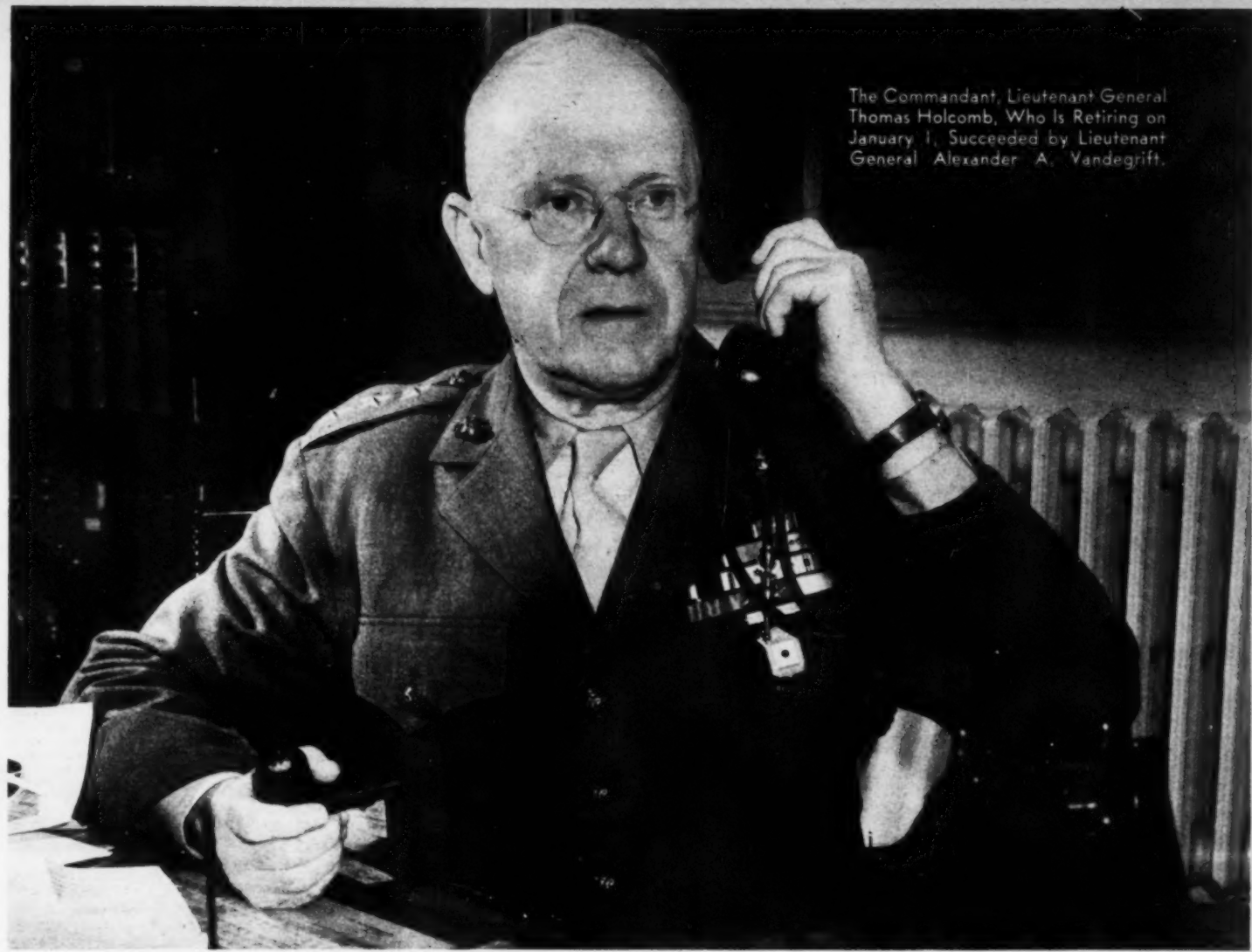


U.S. ARMY
COMBAT
ENGINEERS

*First across
with pipe smokers*

GRANGER
COOL
MILD





The Commandant, Lieutenant General Thomas Holcomb, Who Is Retiring on January 1, Succeeded by Lieutenant General Alexander A. Vandegrift.

A Visit With The Commandant

THE Commandant, Lieutenant General Thomas Holcomb, has the job of administering all of the far flung activities of the Marine Corps. The responsibilities of this position have expanded in geometric proportion with the growth of the Corps from its peace-time size to its present day strength of nearly 400,000 officers and men.

General Holcomb's residence has reveille at 6:15, the same hour as the adjoining Marine Barracks, and at 7:45 the Commandant shoves off for Headquarters in Arlington, Va., just across the Potomac from Washington, in a Buick roadster which he drives himself.

There follows a busy day filled with conferences on strategy, operations, and administration. There are people to see and important decisions to be reached, and it's the exception rather than the rule when the Commandant is able to get home before the sun has set.

On an occasional Sunday, however, General Holcomb manages to go out to his farm, not far from Washington, to relax. There he gets into working clothes and looks after his crops and livestock and does the various odd jobs that are the farmer's routine.

General Holcomb has been a Marine since 1900 and Commandant since 1936. He was promoted to Lieutenant General in January 1942.

The General breakfasts at his residence in Washington before leaving to take up direction of the Corps at headquarters in nearby Virginia





The Commandant drives his own car on the several miles' run to his office



The last thing before leaving home—a quick pat for his dog



Few are the times when the General is without his pipe—here he "loads up"



Here he contemplates a plaque in his office dedicated to one who fell in the last war



Pipe in hand, the Commandant goes over a war map with one of his officers



With a few moments' spare in the evening, the General turns to a little light reading



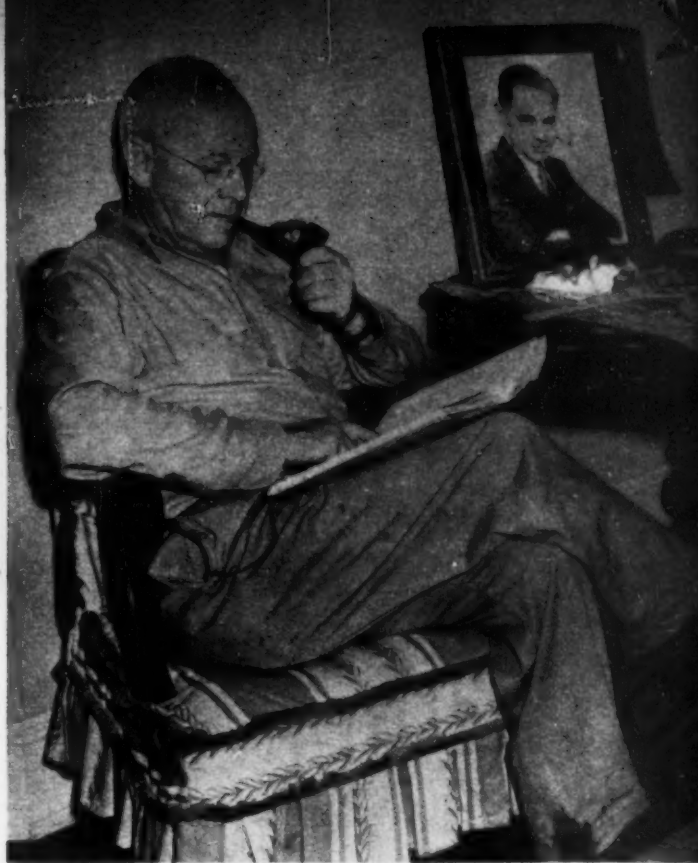
The General and Mrs. Holcomb admire this old farm bell at their estate



The Commandant puffs away, surveys late tomato crop



★ ★ ★
The General has trouble getting his Scottish terrier, Snapper, to pose



He wears khaki and field shoes while relaxing after inspecting his farm



A day at his farm nearby finds the General pausing to study the condition of his herd



This small station wagon looks like a well-dressed jeep. The Commandant uses it while at Rose Craft to run errands and to make inspection tours



"Set it just so," General Holcomb tells carpenters erecting a new weather-vane



Pilots of Honduras air force and anti-submarine bomber patrol check with control officer before starting on their missions.



Cadets parade at Campos dos Affonsos, Brazil's West Point of the air, where training matches that of United States fliers.



These cadets in Chile's navy are learning the technique of explosive floating mines.



Brazilian officer of the coast artillery directs machine gunners on practice range.

Guatemala cadet combat team fires Brandt mortar, as used by the United States Army.



THE AMERICAS

Back the Attack

By Nelson A. Rockefeller

Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs

ON land and sea and in the air, the freedom-loving American republics have mobilized their military and economic might on an unprecedented scale on the side of the United Nations in history's toughest war.

The Good Neighbor nations have increased greatly their production of raw materials for the weapons of war and are building well-trained and well-equipped armed forces to safeguard the freedoms of the hemisphere against the greatest menace the world has ever known.

Young men from the Americas have left their homes to man the powerful guns that guard the strategic bastions of hemisphere defense. They fly the bombers and pursuit planes that keep a ceaseless watch along the southern half of the New World's ocean lifelines. They drop the bombs and launch the torpedoes that mean sudden death to U-boats that dare to raise their periscopes off American shores.

In Mexico City on September 16, 133rd anniversary of Mexico's independence, the Chief of Staff of the United States Army, General George C. Marshall, saw an impressive demonstration of the fervent spirit that has united all the Americas. Standing at the side of President Manuel Avila Camacho, he saw 25,000 of Mexico's finest soldiers—the longest column of officers, soldiers and guns that has ever marched in Mexico—pass in rhythmic martial formation through the historic Zocalo of the Mexican capital.

It was a great day for Mexico and the United States, for it confirmed anew the close collaboration between the two great neighboring republics. It was a great day

for all the Americas for it demonstrated to the world that this hemisphere, always stubborn in its love for freedom, is determined to fight with all its resources to preserve its precious heritage.

This new Mexican Army is a civilian army. Like the United States Marines, it is made up of boys from the farms and the shops and the offices—youngsters who hate war and love freedom.

Hundreds of thousands of Mexicans who turned out to see this demonstration of their new army, saw row after row march by with military bearing. The discipline of the marching troops was evident in their spirited gait. In the long columns were parachute troopers and the Mexican counterparts of the famous Allied "commandos". New, 14-ton tanks thundered by, followed by artillery on wheels, jeeps, reconnaissance cars, transport trucks and other mobile equipment. Motorized field kitchens, an innovation in the Mexican Army, drew special attention: New light bombers and combat planes in perfect formation droned over the marching columns.

General Marshall, first United States Army officer with the rank of Chief of Staff ever to visit Mexico City, remarked that he was "greatly impressed" by the "splendid demonstration".

"I haven't any idea," he said, "of the total strength of the Mexican Army, but, judging from what I saw today, it must be enormous."

The great republic of Brazil, too, has a powerful, modern army, four times as large as when war was declared. Thousands of men have been called to the colors in Brazil which is larger than continental United





Mexico's greatest army shows strength in parade before U. S. General Marshall.

States. Collaborating with United States troops, Brazil's new army guards 4,000 miles of Atlantic coast-line including the all-important air and naval bases in northeastern Brazil.

Brazilian fighting men are armed with the best weapons in the modern arsenal. Booming war plants in Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo, Brazil's Detroit, are turning the republic's vast natural resources into many essentials of modern warfare that formerly had to be imported.

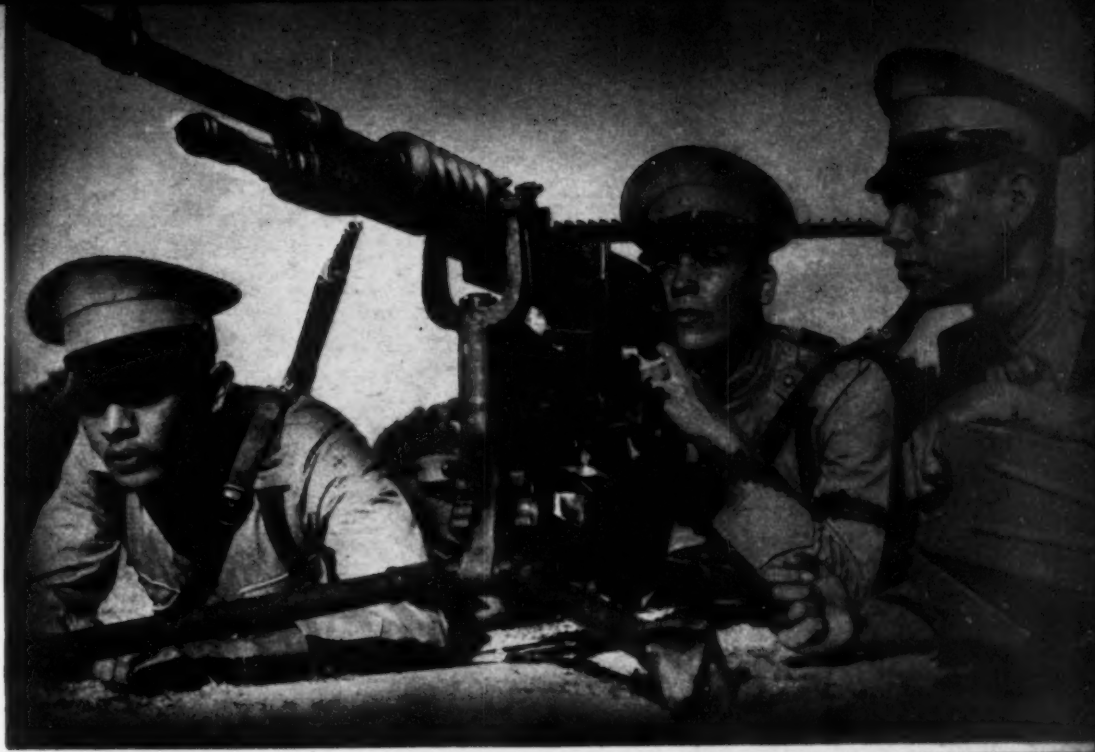
Like the United States, Brazil has great training centers for infantry, artillery, signal corps and mechanized forces. The newest of these training bases is the motor mechanization school where young Brazilians learn the intricate operations of light and medium tanks, scout cars, jeeps and other up-to-the-minute war machines. United States tactics are taught at this school by Brazilian officers who studied at the United States Army's great armored force instruction centers at Fort Knox, Ky., and Fort Benning, Ga.

Brazil's War Minister, General Eurico Gaspar Dutra, is responsible for streamlining the Brazilian Army. General Dutra, who recently visited the United States for a nation-wide tour of military installations, has earned a top place among the hemisphere's military leaders by his application of new developments in modern warfare to the Brazilian Army.

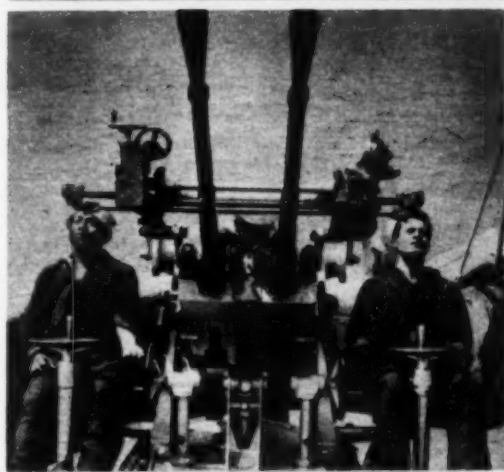
Air-minded Brazil also is a leader in aviation—military and civilian. That is only natural, for Brazil's interest in aviation dates back to the pioneer days of flying. A Brazilian, Alberto Santos Dumont, was the first man in history to build, control and to steer airships for long flights. In 1901 he piloted a frail dirigible around the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Eight years later he developed the grandfather of the modern fighting aircraft by designing a light-weight monoplane that flew at the then amazing speed of 40 miles per hour.

Today young Brazilians, inspired by the feats of Santos Dumont, keep constant aerial vigil along the vital coast-lines and over the Amazon jungle, treasure chest of strategic raw materials for the arsenal of democracy. Daily they patrol the long Brazilian coast on the look-out for enemy submarines.

Brazil's fliers are trained at Campos dos Affonsos, Brazil's West Point of the air. They are schooled by United States and Brazilian instructors and learn to fly in North American-made trainer planes. The



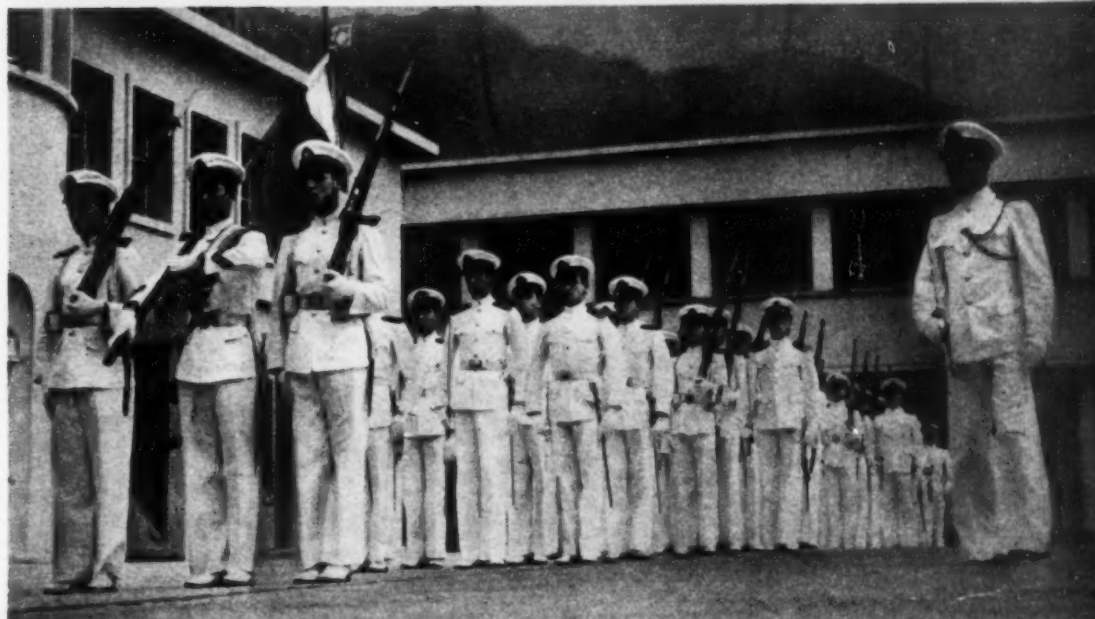
El Salvador army troops man a machine gun on field maneuvers, preparing for the part their American republic might play after declaring itself a belligerent for the Allied cause.



Modern and efficient anti-aircraft guns are ready for action on Mexican warship.



Gun crew aboard Chilean battleship is ready to protect vital coastline.



These cadets at Venezuela's Escuela Naval parade in full dress as they train to command their country's growing battle fleet.



U. S. Army corporal watches Brazilian air force sergeant remove cowling of a P-40.



Troops of a crack Mexican battalion, based in lower California, show skill with mortar.



Brazil's coast artillerymen look smart in plastic helmets used during training.

cadets receive their wings only after passing competitive examinations as stiff as those given at United States aviation training centers.

Pilots of the Brazilian Coastal Patrol and the Amazon Military Patrol fly twin-engined United States Grumman Widgeons and other U. S. models as well as a Brazilian biplane called the M-9. This is the development of the Muniz M-7, which was designed in 1935 by Colonel Antonio Guedes Muniz and was the first airplane to be planned and built in Brazil.

Besides the United States, Brazil and Mexico, these American republics are at war: Bolivia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua and Panama. Cuba, the Dominican Republic and Panama are collaborating in the anti-submarine warfare in Caribbean waters.

While an aroused America marshals its military strength, the Axis already is feeling the force of economic might of the other Americas on every battlefield of this global war. By ceaseless toil and generous contribution, the other American republics are pouring into the war plants of the United States vast quantities of strategic materials which are transformed into planes and guns and tanks in an ever-increasing stream.

When the Japanese swept through the Far East, they deprived the Allies of their main source of supply of natural rubber, tin, quinine, and other strategic materials that spell the difference between victory and defeat in modern warfare.

In the blackest hour of our history we turned to our American neighbors and they heeded the call for help. They dug deep into their rich mines. They built roads to tap their great forests. They planted new crops to replace those fallen into enemy control. With speed and zeal they tackled the vast program, so that the United Nations' war industry could increase production.

The task is great and much remains to be done. The road ahead is long and hard, but the outcome is certain—total victory.

Long before Hitler set the world aflame with the blitzkrieg, he had recognized the potentialities of the other Americas. One evening in a prewar discussion of Nazi geopolitics with Hermann Rauschning, an aide who later turned against him, Hitler pointed to a map of Brazil.

"We shall create a new Germany in Brazil," he said. "We shall find everything we need there."

Today Brazil, with her 45,000,000 people, is proudly and completely in the war—against Hitler. The high-grade iron of the famous deposits of Minas Gerais is being developed to achieve complete and final defeat of the Axis.

Brazil's quartz crystal, available nowhere else in the world, goes into the tuning wafers of military radios. Mica from Brazil helped make possible the magic of Radar, one of the greatest developments of this war. Like quartz crystal, mica goes into the making of radio, telephone and electrical equipment used in bombers and tanks and warships, and in the communications nerve centers on the key battlefronts.

Brazil's bauxite is being manufactured into aluminum for United Nations planes. Thirty thousand pounds of aluminum are required for just one Flying Fortress and each fighter plane has 5,000 pounds of aluminum in its intricate make-up.

The diamonds of Brazil also have gone to war. The United States purchases annually 300,000 carats of Brazil's industrial stones. While ships, tanks, planes and guns make headlines, there would be fewer of them were it not for industrial diamonds. It is with these gems that the hard metal alloys of modern warfare are cut. The diamonds are used in lathe tools for machine finishing of metals, dressing and truing abrasive wheels, smoothing torpedo tubes and finishing the bores of heavy guns.

Guatemala, Cuba and Brazil supply more than 10 per cent of the chrome needed for steel alloys, stainless steel, steel plating, cutting tools and many types of arms. Manganese for the manufacture of steel comes in abundance from Brazil.

Rubber is one of the strongest sinews of modern warfare. It is being obtained in growing quantity from the Amazon valley and other areas in the American republics. Rubber figures in nearly every skirmish and major engagement along the roads to Berlin and Tokyo. All mobile equipment in the massive United Nations' war machine thunders forward on rubber. Heavy tanks require two tons of rubber. Ton after ton is needed for jeeps and trucks and other motorized equipment, for the dispatch carriers, motorcycles, for pontoon bridges, for heavy bombers and swift fighter planes.

Our war plants consume large quantities of tin from Bolivia and copper and nitrates from mineral-wealthy Chile. Nitrates, indispensable to the manufacture of nitroglycerine, are mined at the rate of more than 700,000 tons annually from the Atacama Desert in northern Chile, where it has not rained in 40 years. Chile's wealth in copper is so great, that the enormous Chuquicamata mine has a known reserve of a billion tons of the essential ore.

Peru, home of the ancient Inca Empire whose treasures drew the Spanish invaders to her shores back in the early sixteenth century, also is contributing industrial metals to United Nations war strength. The gold and silver magnets which drew Pizarro's invaders to the Inca stronghold still are a part of the treasure which Peru produces. More valuable, though, in the war

Blasting copper ore at the enormous Chuquicamata mine in Chile, an important source of that vital metal for the United Nations.



effort, are her contributions of copper, lead, vanadium, quinine and other commodities which are indispensable to the war effort.

Mexico, often called the "treasure chest of the world", is the world's greatest producer of silver and the chief exporter of henequen, an essential fiber.

Ordinarily associated with coins, tableware and jewelry, silver today has many important uses in fighting equipment. Silver sees plenty of fighting action in submarines, tanks, bombers and torpedoes. In submarines, for example, it is useful in making pipe connections to withstand vibration and corrosion. It is used in airplane engine bearings and serves well in the recoil mechanism of field artillery.

With the loss of Manila hemp from the Philippines, Mexican henequen, supplemented by abaca and sisal from the tropical Americas, is being used to make rope for the fighting navies and the merchant marine of the United Nations.

The forests of the other Americas are formidable allies of the United Nations. Mexico and Central America produce millions of feet of mahogany which is shaped into hulls for hard-hitting PT boats that are slashing at Japan's precarious supply lines through the Pacific.

Balsa wood is one of Ecuador's greatest contributions to the war effort. The lightest wood known, balsa is used to make gliders for the United States Army and the swift British Mosquito bombers which have made recent headlines with their stinging thrusts at Berlin and their daring forays on Axis industries and railroads.



South American materials go into the battle gear and dress of thousands of Marines and other United Nations soldiers. Uruguay produces wool for uniforms and leather for shoes. Buttons are being stamped from ivory-like Ecuadorian tagua nuts. A tanning extract taken from the quebracho trees of Argentina and Paraguay renders leather more pliable and makes it last longer. The Ecuadorian fiber, kapok, makes life jackets for seagoing fighting men.

Babassu nuts, harvested from the palms of northeastern Brazil, are one of the sources of glycerine. Used principally in peacetime in the manufacture of soap, glycerine in war becomes a base for high explosives—bombs and shells to stagger the Axis enemies of freedom. Linseed oil crushed from flaxseed, of which Argentina is the world's greatest producer, keeps machine guns blazing smoothly in action in the heat-drenched Pacific jungles and along the dust-clouded roads of Italy.

Brazilian castor beans yield one of this war's most vital lubricants. Because of its very low freezing point, castor oil is used in high-flying planes.

As every Marine knows, the jungle fighter requires quinine as a safeguard against malaria. When the Japanese took Java, they won control of approximately 90 per cent of the world's annual supply of 33,000,000 ounces of quinine.

The bark of the cinchona tree is the source of this merciful drug. A native of

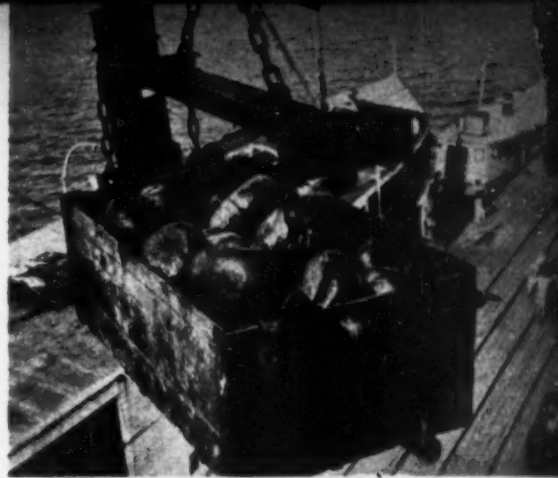
South America, the tree was transplanted to the Netherlands East Indies. With the Far East supply cut off, the United States turned again to the other Americas. Great numbers of wild cinchona trees are found in Guatemala, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia.

Cinchona plantations also are being established to help supply the increasing demand for quinine. There is a dramatic story behind this. It began on Bataan early in 1942 when the Japanese invaders were closing in on the outnumbered and outarmed, but never outgamed, American and Filipino defenders. One of the Americans on the peninsula was Colonel Arthur Fischer, now attached to the Office of Foreign Economic Administration in Washington. He has spent many years cultivating cinchona, making quinine and fighting malaria.

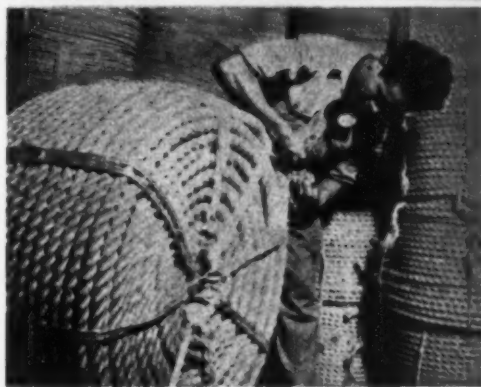
As the Japanese hordes advanced, Colonel Fischer resolved to salvage some of the results of his years of experimentation. He packed 2,000,000 cinchona seeds in two small cans and climbed aboard a Flying Fortress which took off for Australia in the pre-dawn darkness of April 13, 1942.

En route the Fortress was attacked by two Japanese planes but managed to escape. Later one of the four motors of the giant bomber ceased functioning, but the crippled Fortress finally landed safely at Darwin. Colonel Fischer reported to General Douglas MacArthur at Melbourne, and obtained passage on a ship bound for San Francisco. When he arrived in the United States, the Colonel delivered his seeds to the Department of Agriculture. Thousands of seedlings, cultivated in experimental gardens at Glenn Dale, Md., today are growing in the nurseries of agricultural experiment stations in Peru, Ecuador, El Salvador and Nicaragua. They will provide the foundation for further development of the quinine industry in the Western Hemisphere.

In the fight to crush the Axis enemies of freedom the American republics are turning over to the United Nations, unselfishly and without restrictions, all they have and can produce. They are fighting and toiling and sacrificing with us to keep the New World's sacred torch of liberty aflame as a symbol of hope in liberation and peace for all the peoples of the world.



Balls of rubber from jungles on Amazon are unloaded from river boat at Manaus.

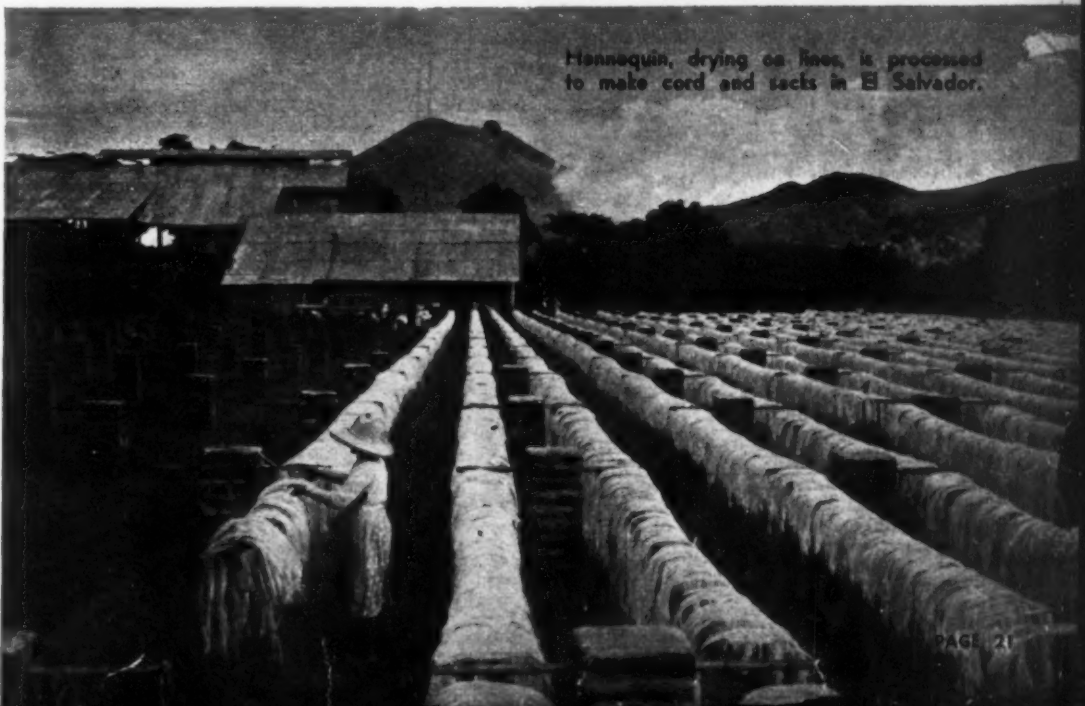


Venezuelan sisal hemp is made into rope at this native-owned factory in Caracas.

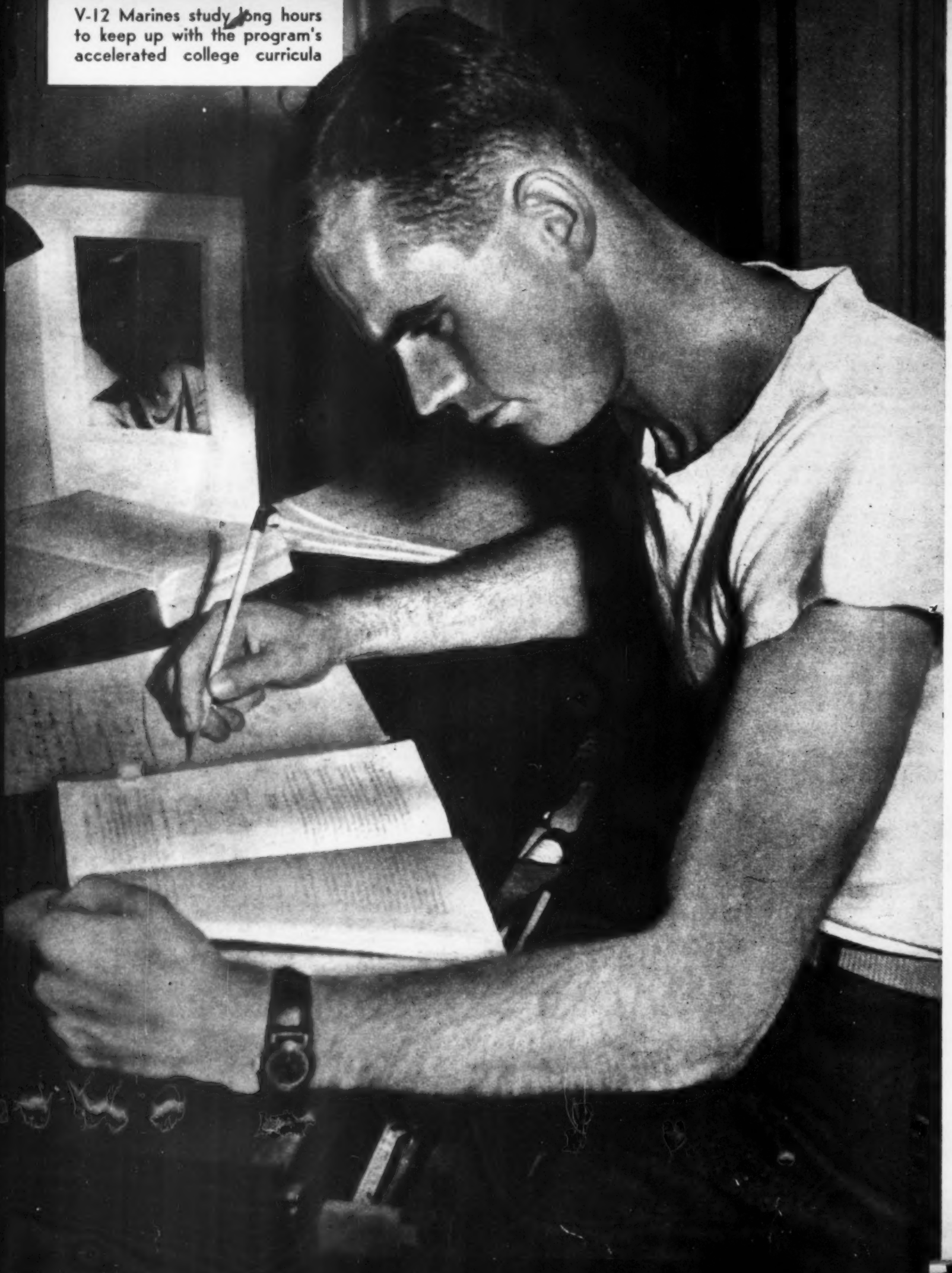


Marine jungle fighters can use quinine made from this cinchona bark shipment.

Hennaquin, drying on lines, is processed to make cord and sacks in El Salvador.



V-12 Marines study long hours
to keep up with the program's
accelerated college curricula



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V-12

V-12 Marines are college students in uniform. Leatherneck went to Purdue University for an on-the-spot story of how they work and play.

Every weekday morning about 0550, some 40-odd Marines in assorted dungarees and greens, tumble out between the stately two-storied white porch columns of Phi Delta Theta fraternity house on Purdue University's campus in West Lafayette, Ind.

For the next 10 to 25 minutes they do calisthenics in cadence. Promptly at 0640 they fall in again to march down State Street to the Purdue Memorial Union Building for chow.

This same schedule is duplicated at four other Purdue fraternity houses. Across the campus, another 200-or more Marines fall out for muster and calisthenics in front of Cary Memorial Hall, have chow, then assemble for colors at 0745.

For the rest of the day these Marines are students—their only distinguishing mark from their classmates being their forest green uniforms. Evenings, those up in their classwork, which is nearly all of them, are free after supper until taps at 2200.

That's the daily routine of the V-12 Marines at Purdue.

V-12 Marines are those who are being sent to college as part of the Naval College Training Program, to keep a number of selected young men attending classes of higher education during the war to assure a steady flow of trained officer and specialist material for the service. The program was put into operation last July, and Marine V-12's now number about 14,000 in 40 colleges throughout the country.

If the life of V-12 Marines doesn't sound very G. I., it's because it isn't supposed to be. Deliberately, the V-12 program minimizes the military and emphasizes the scholastic; "boot" training will follow college work for most V-12ers.

But don't get the idea that V-12 is a snap. It isn't. First, the V-12 program crowds into one year the equivalent of a year and one-half of normal college education.

Second, the basic V-12 curricula calls for 25 hours of classroom and laboratory work a week, and 24 hours weekly of daytime study and preparation time. Engineering students, who predominate at Purdue, normally are scheduled with 30 hours of classroom and laboratory work.

Add to this about 17 hours for meals and formations, three hours for calisthenics and daily muster, six hours for policing and sharpening up, and an hour and a half for the Saturday inspection—add all this together and you've pretty well booked up the 90½ "live" hours in a week composed of five 0545-2200 weekdays and a 0545-1500 Saturday.

Saturday afternoons and evenings, and Sundays, are the V-12 gyrene's real liberty time—denied only to those whose names appear on the weekly scholastic delinquency list.

Most popular "date spot" is Memorial Union, hub of campus social and recreational activity and locale for twin Saturday night dances, one date and one stag. In the Union we found Charley Trinkner with vivacious Peggy Buck.

Peggy is a sparkling-eyed brunette who came back to her native Indiana from Akron, Ohio, to enroll as a freshman at Purdue last fall. Charley, who calls Green Bay, Wis., home, turned in the sergeant's stripes he earned in three years with the Corps for a chance to go to college.



The first V-12 Marines reported for duty last July. At Purdue, an early arrival was Sgt. Charley Trinkner, veteran of Pacific action



Charley checked in with Captain E. W. Whipple, commanding officer of the Purdue Marine detachment, and Marine Gunner F. W. Huppert

Then he ripped off his sergeant's stripes. Because V-12 students must be privates, Trinkner traded his sergeancy for an education





Six months later, when Leatherneck checked in for a look at V-12 as a going activity, we found Trinkner in English class



He also studies physics. As a basic student, Trinkner's curricula is mostly class work. V-12 also covers technical fields



Electrical engineering students, like Bill Keller, work in electronic "lab"



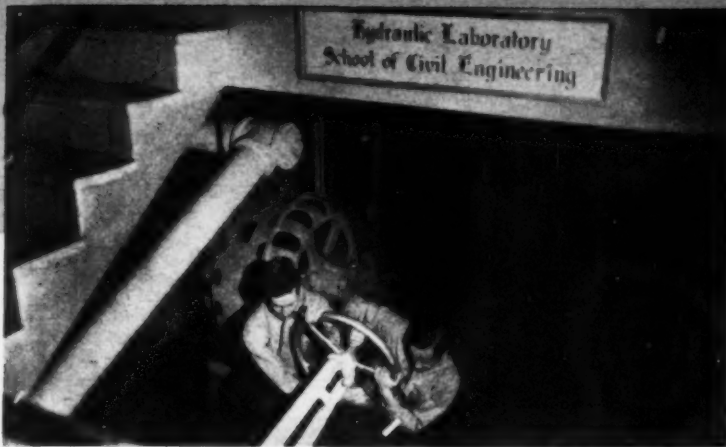
Nomenclature and operation of a transit is explained to Marine civil engineering students by Prof. George Lommel. Later the class practices surveying on the campus



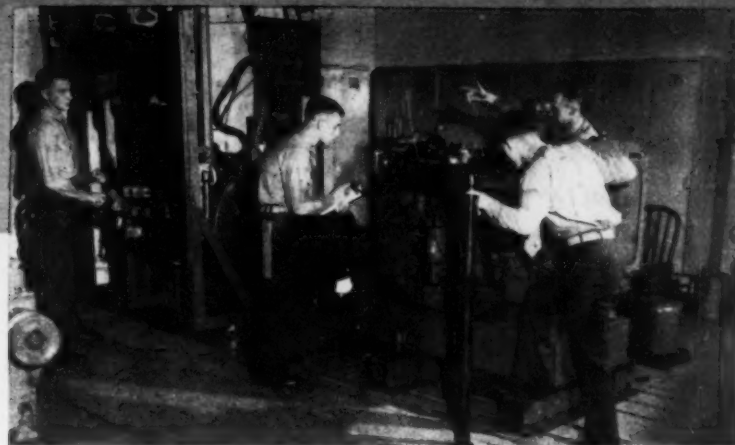
In the materials testing laboratory, James Hickey and Frank Jaeger determine the breaking point of a stick of yellow pine



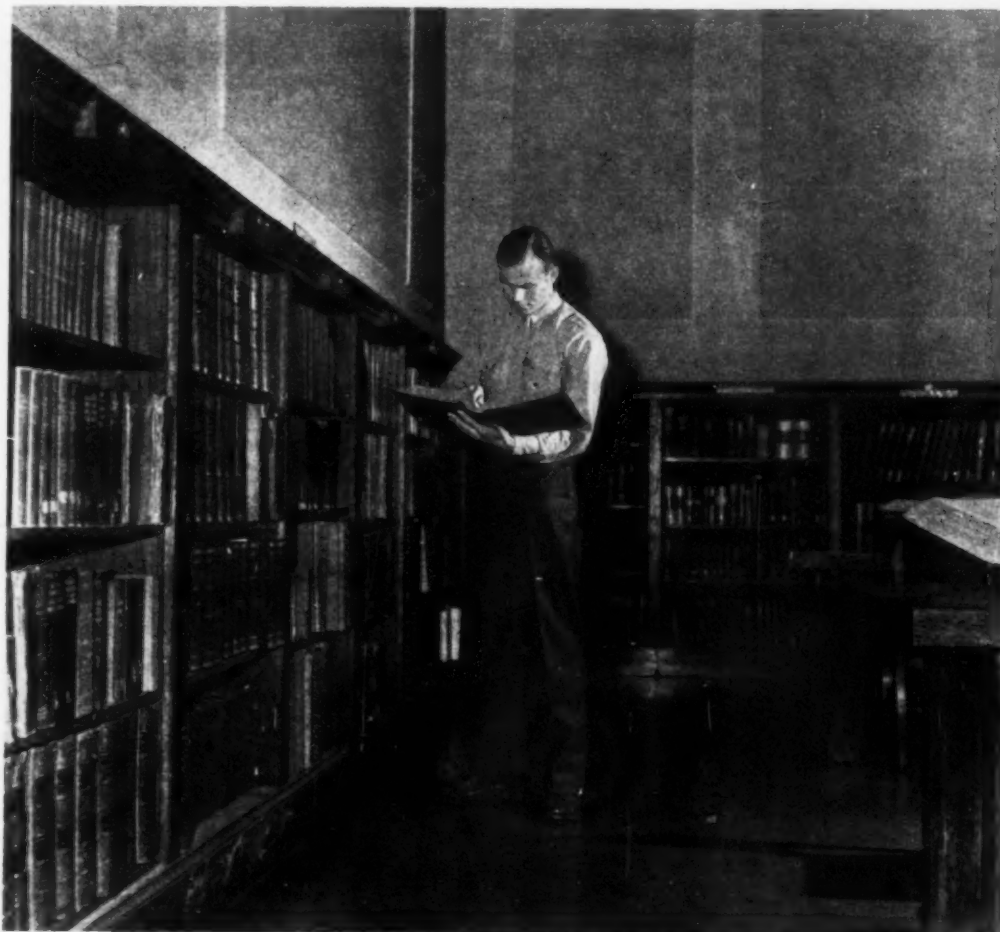
V-12 students must spend an hour a day at physical education. Strength tests like this are held regularly to gauge progress



Hydraulics, the science of fluids in motion, is another phase of the civil engineering course for advanced students in V-12



Attaching a caterpillar diesel engine to a dynamometer to check its power is a phase of mechanical engineering laboratory work



V-12 isn't all classroom and laboratory. Hours must be spent in preparation and research. Trinkner often spends a free period studying in the university library



All V-12ers must take Captain Whipple's class in Corps organization, Naval law



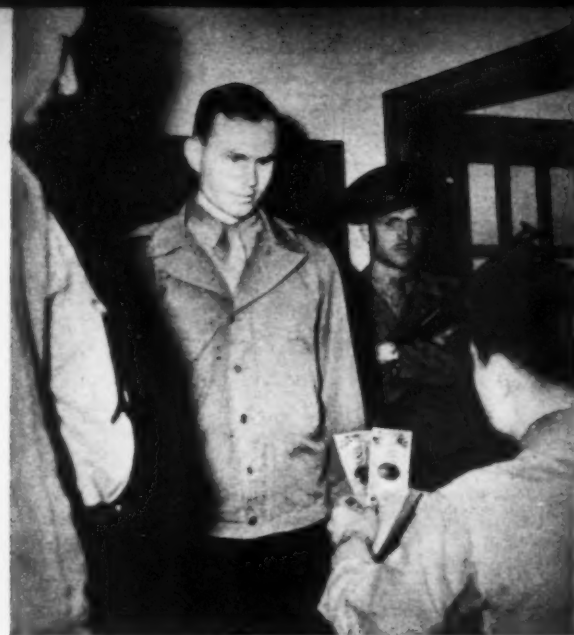
Old files at Purdue are turned into razor-edged knives, sent to the South Pacific. Trinkner volunteers a hand at this job



Pharmacy school manufactures pills and medicines dispensed by student health service. Here, V-12ers compound a cough syrup



Lessons learned, Purdue V-12 Marines in barracks 11 like to gather around to hear Tristner play his concertina. The "box" has been through four sea battles



Payday for V-12ers is the same as at any other Marine post. Captain Whipple acts as paymaster



Weekends are the real liberty time for V-12 Marines at Purdue. The usual 'sharpening up' process keeps the barracks iron busy



Purdue Memorial Union building is the favorite liberty spot. Charley and Peggy Buck bowl before the Saturday dance starts



The Union often features name bands for the dances. The week we were there Ina Rae Hutton appeared, and Charley said hello



One room at the dance is for "dates," one for "stags," where anyone can cut in. Charley and Peggy dance in the "date" room



Regularly on Sunday morning, Trinkner attends the 11 o'clock mass at St. Mary's church across the town from Purdue campus. When they have a Sunday date, Peggy goes along. Marine Gunner Huppert, and Mrs. Huppert, also are regular communicants of St. Mary's



After the services, Charley and Peggy chat with Fathers Chapman and Holland on the church steps



Rounding out the weekend was Sunday dinner as guests of the H. I. Abbotts, whose son, Jack, is an upperclassman Marine V-12 student at the university



"KP" duty follows dinner for Charley and Peggy. Jack and Ruth Ford also turn to with the dishes



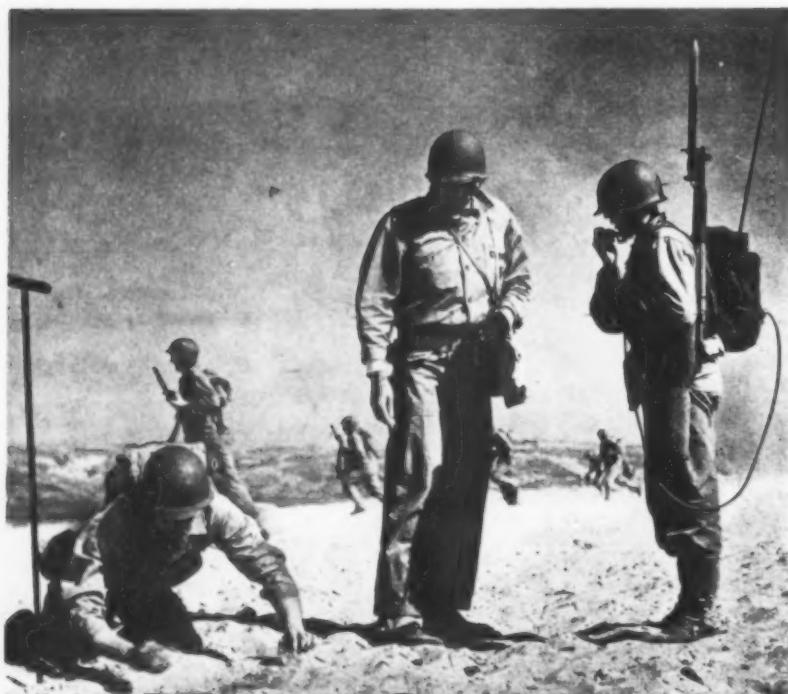
Red Lassie, the Abbott's cocker puppy, was the attraction of the evening. She insisted upon a reward of a sliver of bread for performing each trick



Land mines are buried in the beach, set to explode upon contact. This one sprays sand a hundred feet in the air.



Machine gun units are rushed onto the beach to provide a covering fire for the engineers as they ferret out the enemy's death traps.



A located mine is first marked, then gingerly uncovered so that it may be removed. Attackers proceed in rear through the cleared zone.

"The first wave" ENGINEERS

Marine Corps combat engineers have the risky task of clearing away the enemy's "calling cards" in any landing offensive, so that the attacking forces can push through and beach their supplies. Here's a photo story, taken by Sgt. Jerry De Santis, USMC, during maneuvers at Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, California, which shows how the engineers tackle a beach where the enemy has sown land mines and erected a barbed wire defense system barring the natural paths inland from the embattled beachhead.



What happens when you get too close! Good thing that it was only practice.



And Marines charge up the canyon over still-smoking crater of the blasting.



Next, the engineers rip open huge gaps in the barbed wire with charges of TNT.

Down in Corpus Christi they've the gift of combining the time, talents and energies of students

SPRAWLED along the bayfront on what is known as Ward Island, some seven miles south of Corpus Christi, Texas, is the NATTC. The initials stand for Naval Air Technical Training Center, and the row after row of buildings and barracks are as commonplace and as uninteresting in appearance as the very name of the place implies. To the average person, anything that refers to technical training smacks of dull classrooms and hours spent in study.

But such is not the case with the NATTC. It is most interesting and jammed with robust activity—and robust is the word, as any Marine who goes into this phase of work soon discovers.

Briefly, the NATTC, under the command of Commander G. K. Stoddard, is one of the most vital posts in the vast Naval air program. The NATTC is dedicated to an extremely important type of training, the operations of which, to understate the matter, are somewhat hush-hush.

Back of the technical phases of the center is another story. Boiled down to one familiar phrase, the story is that the officers and men in the NATTC don't miss a trick. Few stations can boast of the record of efficiency and attainment achieved here; few can match the remarkable method employed here in harnessing the talents, energies and enthusiasms; few can match the spirit and morale maintained month in and month out by this command. The NATTC could easily be a bore and a grind for the Marine and Navy students. It isn't.

Lieutenant Colonel Charles C. Bradley, rounding out 18 years in the Marine Corps, dating from the time there was a USMC Reserve, is the commanding officer of the multitude of Leathernecks in the NATTC. Colonel Bradley, an army officer in World War I, is the man who once remarked:

"I'd rather be the 'Old Man' to a battalion of Marines than the governor of a state, and I believe my state to be the best of 48."

Marines under Colonel Bradley, generally speaking, are six months or so in the Corps. They reach here in selected groups after primary training, and prior to that, of course, boot camp. Specialists in their line, most having high school diplomas and many college degrees, they are sergeant,

and if eligible, leave the NATTC with staff or higher rates.

Scarcity of lower rates, incidentally, prompted Captain Frank B. Freese, the Colonel's executive officer, to crack: "It's like the Mexican army here sometimes. We had one private for awhile, but we lost him when they made him a PFC. We're thinking of asking Washington to give us one permanent private for the post."

As a result, the students in a broad way take charge of each other, which is a break for the Marines headed for Officer Candidate School—and a pointed example of how Commander Stoddard's center operates. The OCS prospects, having drilled men, taught weapons and combat tactics and performed many other duties of a Marine officer, are more than ready for anything tossed at them when they reach Quantico. Quantico should thank Colonel Bradley for this pre-OCS education.

Incidentally, in one pre-OCS class, at San Diego, ten of the top eleven men were graduates of the NATTC.

That was what was meant with the statement that the NATTC has a gift of combining time, talents and energies of the students.

What has hand-to-hand combat training, Judo, knife work close order drill and such stuff to do with technical training? In one sense, nothing. In another way, everything, because these men when they reach the field are going to operate in the immediate battle zones. They'll have no spot of safety and security. The officers in charge here, consequently, inaugurated a physical development program to go along with the technical training that sounds more like a Paramarine's education than a specialist's schooling in mysterious equations and whatnot.

NATTC—Ward Island



The best evidences of the sustained spirit and morale in the NATTC are seen in the fact that the men organized their own band and practice on their own time; they put on a musical show that was a walloping success—on their own time; 52 men decided to form a drill team, and did it, on their own time; and then there is the football team. It's a story in itself.

Sixty men, some with college grid experience, some without anything but a determination, turned out. It's an enlisted man's outfit, but Captain Freese handled their schedule for them. So each day, after the men had completed their usual hour of physical drill, they continued on to the football field and practiced football. This after a rigorous day of study and possibly exhausting field maneuvers out in the boon-docks.

Naturally they miss regular chow. Instead, they are served cold sandwiches and punch when they finish practicing after nightfall. Compare that menu with the college men, who gouge those two-inch steaks at the football training table after practice each night.

Five thousand Corpus Christians, not to mention the center's personnel, turned out for the first game in a driving rain. The Ward Islanders tackled the powerful Southwestern Pirates, which boasted a nucleus of seven players from the champion 1942 Texas University team, and the Islanders took a 54-0 whipping. They had scrimmaged but four days before the contest.

When the squad turned out the following Monday, every man reported—and four new candidates turned out. That's spirit. By way of a note, the Southwestern squad of 37 numbered 33 who were Marines, so it was a Marine victory after all.

It was after this game that Sergeant Plato, dripping wet with sweat after hiking his company about two miles on the double, came in to confer with Captain Freese about the next game. The captain referred to several plays, but Plato, standing at attention, grinned and refused them. "No, Sir. We tried those plays last week."

Morale, spirit, aggressiveness? You can't beat the men at the NATTC. It might sound technical and uninteresting, but that is the main thing it is not, if you'll pardon the grammar. Better still, as Commander Stoddard expressed it:

"Whether they win or lose, those boys deserve credit and praise. I'm for them." So saying, the commander made ticket reservations for the Marines' next game.

The football squad may not know it, but they are true and very rugged symbols of the spirit of the Naval Air Technical Training Center at Ward Island.



Hand to hand combat training is given.



After some of this the men get 'tough'.

Meet Your Marine Corps



field telephone

by John Conner

THE COMMUNICATIONS MAN,
HE "DOUBLES IN WIRE" TO
KEEP OPEN LINES TO FRONT

THE jeep bumped to a stop in a cloud of dust. Marine Gunner Clifford K. Dillow, spick and span in a new shave and field jacket, grinned at the sight that met his eyes.

Down the coastwise dirt road shuffled a straggling column of 150 men. A two-day stubble of beard covered their faces, their battle clothes were grimy, and they moved at a tired pace, hauling their equipment carts behind them.

These were communications trainees—telephone and radio men. The marine gunner grinned because he knew what his tele-

phone men had been through in their two-day mock battle. But this had been the final field test, climaxing the eight-week field telephone course given at Camp Lejeune, New River, N. C.

Communications may sound like dry stuff to the uninitiate, but just remember that if you can't take it, don't apply for field telephone training. Candidates must be smart and rugged, at least as smart and rugged as a Raider or any other type of fighting Marine. The men who lug the switchboards and string the wires in the steaming jungles of the South Pacific must keep pace with the fastest offensives. Their message fabric of steel-and-copper wire is an essential part of the pattern of modern war.

SSgt. John F. Cowles, who was wire

chief of the First Battalion, First Marines, on Guadalcanal, is one of the telephone school's instructors. Out in the boondocks at New River, where field telephone students establish practice wire systems, the understudies gathered around. A pair of late arrivals set down an 85-pound reel of wire with a grunt and straightened up to let the crisp breeze dry the sweat from their reddened faces. Around the group rose the tall jack pines and oaks of the North Carolina "jungle".

During the bloody battle of the Tenaru River, he said, he and his 14 men got orders to maintain telephone communications for a column of marching Marines.

Cowles took a toothpick from his teeth and leaned against a holly tree.

"It meant that 13 of us would each have to carry a reel through that jungle, but we did give them wire communications on the march," he continued. "It was something they had never heard of before. We hooked our telephone in at First Marines regimental headquarters and set out on a seven-miles march. The two men who were free from heavy equipment unwound the wire as we moved along, splicing in quickly from one drum to another as each was used up."

There was a pause. Cowles replaced the toothpick, and the students began to move toward the jobs they had left.

"Uh," the sergeant began. He wasn't through and everyone respectfully turned back. Cowles, a sandy-haired youth, is only one of the many telephone school instructors who have been in action and know whereof they speak—when they speak. Among his colleagues are TSgt. Harold Hazelwood, who won the Navy Cross on Midway, SSgt. Luther Hutchinson, another Midway veteran, and SSgt. Carl Porter, who saw the important Guadalcanal communications battle through.

Cowles and two other sergeants were cited for bravery by Admiral William F. Halsey, commander of the South Pacific. During an offensive every battalion maintains an advanced observation post telephone for use by the staff. Radio, considered not as dependable as telephone under stable conditions, is ideal for highly mobile operations.

On August 8, 1942, the day after the Marine assault on Guadalcanal, Cowles and his two companions were laying an OP



Telephone electricians' course students must learn everything about communications, from the ground up. Here they begin the erection of a heavy pole.



Through New River's cold "jungle" PFC's James Higgins and Robert Mnniere run an observation post line.



Field telephone training has its drier side—long hours at hitting the books.



TSgt. Harold Hazelwood explains a field switchboard to a field telephone class.



High in a tree, Pvt. Philip Zito ties in an overhead from regiment to battalion.

wire to Henderson field, when they found themselves ahead of the rifle companies and confronted by about 50 Japanese.

"We dropped into the tall grass while I called back to the battalion commanding officer for instructions," the sergeant continued. "He ordered us to keep on going. We set our Reising guns at full automatic and let the yellow bellies have it. They must have thought they had run into heavy machine gun emplacements or a large force, because they scrambled."

The students turned back to their wire network problem in New River. They were laying their own observation post line, and they had been wondering whether battle was anything like this. Hell, wasn't this tough enough?

The field telephone course is split into four weeks of classroom and laboratory work, and four of field work. Hazelwood, Porter and Hutchinson are among the indoor instructors. Hazelwood is a serious-minded young Marine who, despite wounds during the Battle of Midway, repaired his switchboard to restore communications with important machine-gun batteries, and summoned aid for those still alive in his shattered command post. So Hazelwood and the others teaching in the classrooms of barracks building 305, can, as well as anyone on earth, convey to their classes the importance of the Signal Battalion motto: The message must go through.

When they complete the course most of the graduates are assigned to the infantry, artillery, engineers, Raiders or any other type of combat unit. But their education is by no means completed. Besides their job as communications men they must learn in detail the organization and operations of the unit to which they are assigned. A badly informed wire man could well foul up an attack.

During action on Guadalcanal one alert Marine who knew his business stopped a U. S. destroyer from shelling their positions during a pincer movement ashore. He shinnied up a tree and semaphored the warship to "knock it off".

The telephone man may have to pinch hit as intelligence at an observation post. In the South Pacific he has been carrying wounded and supplies and serving as a rifleman.

A few of the best students go on to advanced training schools to become wire chiefs, expert maintenance and repairmen, or to some of the other highly technical jobs that Marine Corps communications hold out to them. One of these schools is the telephone electricians course at Camp Lejeune. Compared to the big field tele-

phone course it is not large, but it enjoys a lot of prestige. About 70 per cent of its first ten classes are now officers.

The field telephone school and the electricians course are a part of the huge Signal Battalion at New River, commanded by Lt. Col. George C. Ruffin, Jr. The battalion consists chiefly of students. This, and the one at San Diego, supply communications men for the whole Corps.

The New River school draws almost exclusively on the recruit depot at Parris Island, S. C., for its student supply. Certain classification standards are adhered to, at least three years of high school is required, and experience in mechanical and electrical trades is desired.

The average field telephone student is a well set up young man weighing at least 150 pounds who likes to indulge in both sports and hobbies. In a group of 93 students picked at random, 37 were in school before joining the Marines, and the rest were working at various jobs. They include clerks, truck drivers, tractor operators and farm laborers, an artist, swingband leader, chemist's assistant and athletic coach. Only ten of them did not participate in school or sandlot sports. The most popular hobby among them is model plane building. They talk and think most about the thing any man new to the service does—home.

In the first four weeks the telephone school teaches all the theory necessary for a communications background that is common to all ground combat units. This includes an understanding of field wire systems, both offensive and defensive; an

ability to lay wire, make overheads, establish circuits, operate switchboards, test lines and equipment, receive and send semaphore code; skill in the use of natural cover and camouflage.

About 90 per cent of the instructors have had overseas duty as communications men, and half of these have been in actual combat. The school favors teachers with overseas experience because such men know the latest word in battle-trying communications. Their first-hand knowledge of war has a favorable psychological effect on the student who has combat to look forward to.

Sgt. Porter went into Guadalcanal with the first landing parties as chief of a radio detail. He was one of those responsible for maintaining communications in the pioneering operation against jungle-fortified Japs. So it was with pardonable pride, on this particular morning, that he turned from his blackboard. A wintry Carolina sun streamed into the bright classroom.

"Communications men," he said, "feel in battle that without them the operation is not worth anything. If we hadn't had good telephone and radio communication that day (August 7, 1942), we would not be here today. We heard rumors the Japs were surprised as hell that we were able to keep communications as well as we did."

He then described the struggle he and other communications men had to keep their lines open. One day in September, 1942, "bombs fell like rain", and when the attack was over, he said, "all of our telephone lines looked like chop suey". They had to hurry to restore them so that the



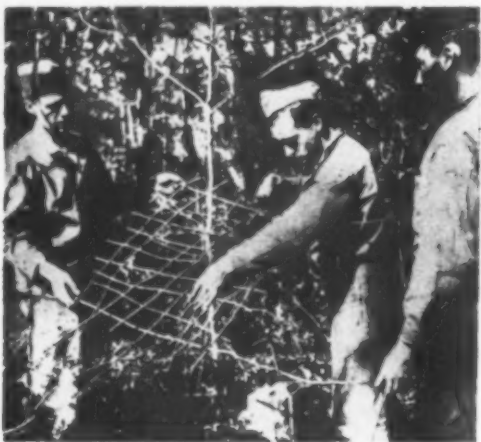
SSgt. John Cowles watches PFC Clarence Richards connect an observation post.



Corp. Lawrence Muaino instructs PFC John Hanford in use of an OP telephone.



Squeezed into a switchboard dugout PFC Philip Supplee is ready for operations.



Over Supplee, PFC George Kasper, Zito and SSgt. Bill McCroskey prepare covering.



Leaves and small bushes, laid over net of branches, finishes the camouflaging.



MTSgt. Peter Bonashefski, an advanced student, shoots trouble on a teletype.

big guns could be used against an advancing Jap party of about 1,000 men.

During a shelling of Midway by an enemy submarine a telephone line went out where it traversed the top of a big highest gasoline storage tank. Sgt. Hutchinson saw an unnamed hero climb topside, and while the sub potted high explosive at him, he made repairs. A hit would have crisped him in 250,000 gallons of flaming gasoline.

"But he was very cool about it," Hutchinson said.

More than ten miles away the dust settled under the wheels of the panting jeep. The men were still moving silently by, and a tired-looking captain came along. Marine Gunner Dillow offered him a ride, but the captain only shook his head and laughed.

"No, I guess I'll walk. I need the exercise."

The captain, a little on the portly side, leaned for a moment on the side of the car to catch his breath. He was in wrinkled dungarees and only the dulling bars on his shoulders denoted his rank. A casual waiting assignment, he had gone out with the school for the exercise.

As he moved away a sergeant, more rugged than the rest, got off that musty, time worn crack:

"The water was fine, you ought to go in, too."

The beloved Marine Gunner waited until the group had passed. Then he swung the jeep around and drove the ten-mile trip back on a broad blacktopped highway through the reddening oaks and brilliant green jack pines.

Marine Gunner Dillow is in charge of the field telephone school under First Lt. John H. McGuire, head of telephone training. The students see a lot of Mr. Dillow. They are often in his office and he is often in their boondocks.

This was Friday afternoon. On the morning of the day before, the men had gone out on the ten-mile march from barracks to the "mock-up" on the Inland Waterway near the coast. The mock-up is a structure built into the river bottom to take the place of a transport. Over its one completed side are slung loading nets.

The students, all in battle dress, first lowered their equipment on lines to Higgins boats below, and then followed it over the 35-foot side. They kept their heads low as the flotilla moved down the waterway and out to sea.

The objective was Onslow Beach, the hard, broad coastal sand strip on which the First Division trained for Guadalcanal. But first the boats, now tossed wickedly by white-topped waves, proceeded to an assembly area about 2000 yards off shore. Semaphore was the means of communication. When everything was ready and the boats were jockeyed into position to land at prearranged places on the beach, the "invaders" moved in. Although only signal men were visible, hosts of imaginary infantrymen were technically part of the action.

It was like real warfare. Each man had his own particular job to keep his mind busy, but everyone was tense. Waves slapped spray at steel helmets and for once all got a taste of real sea-going salt.

Then they heard the planes. Helms moved in unison as ears picked up the faint drone. In another few seconds the air was filled with the screaming wings of Marine

fliers, diving to simulate a strafing attack.

The first boats ground to a stop and as the students hit the surf feet first, some of them pale and sea-sick, a row of mines buried at the waterline was set off from a control station. No one faltered. As the men raced across the beach toward the sand dunes successive strings of mines were detonated in waves of noise and stinging sand, almost under their running feet.

The dunes were gained, and the job of establishing communications for a ghost regiment began. The first step was establishment of the regimental commander's headquarters where the regimental command post switchboard was set up in a dugout, cleverly concealed from prying eyes. Meanwhile communication with an imaginary sea force was kept by semaphore, blinker and radio.

Camouflaging of field equipment can be so well done that even experienced officers have been fooled countless times. On one memorable day a headquarters-hunting major crashed into one of them and got a "Gawd-dammit, get the hell out of here" burst from a furious operator.

Working with their pliers and heavy reels of wire, the students soon had secured both regimental and battalion command posts, and were running out their observation post lines to keep up with a slowly advancing infantry front lines. All switchboards were in dugouts, covered with branch-supported ground-level surfaces of dry leaves and small bushes.

In the two days they moved forward three miles. And as they went they maintained lines between the command posts, to observation posts, and make-believe radio stations, galleys, field medical stations, message centers and supply dumps. One bonafide local hooked up to a real galley manned by flesh-and-blood cooks and bakers school students, a busy line at chow time. Sometimes the new battalion command posts would move up on old observation posts, sometimes not, depending on "battle" conditions.

These students were on the offensive. Defensive wire systems are more complicated, since they are usually established under more stable conditions. More time is available to set up intricate telephone systems capable of bearing heavier traffic.

Monday of the ninth week is graduation day, and the new communications men go on to new tasks. Until recently some of those with the highest marks would start

the telephone electricians course, of which Second Lieutenant G. A. Barrett is the officer in charge. But wherever possible the advanced school takes picked, experienced men. A recent class was made up entirely this way.

The advanced course is 20 weeks long, with a new class starting every ten weeks. Instruction covers pole line construction, cable splicing, common and local battery equipment, repair of field wire equipment, telephone power supplies, telephone testing methods—everything that will make them expert technicians capable of handling any communications situation.



HAZELWOOD



PORTER

LEGEND COMES TRUE WHEN
ADVENTUROUS "GUNNY" PUTS
FOOT ON VOODOO ISLAND
HE'S SLATED TO RULE



ONE dark, gloomy night in the year 1848, on the tiny tropical voodoo isle of La Gonave, black King Faustin I suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Years crept by and King Faustin I was never heard from again, but a legend was born that someday a descendent of his name would return to rule this West Indies island.

Some three score and ten years later, in 1920, a creaky sailboat lurched across the choppy waters of the channel from Port au Prince and scraped up on the sands of La Gonave. Bounding out was a strange collection of occupants; chattering black natives, bawling cattle—and Gunnery Sergeant Wirkus of the United States Marines, whose first name was Faustin.

Thus was forged a link in one of the strangest stories that ever came out of this storied, superstition-bound island. For Faustin E. Wirkus, a blue-eyed, square-chinned Yankee from the state of Pennsylvania, who had never heard of King Faustin I or about his mysterious disappearance from La Gonave, and most certainly was no descendent of the ebony emperor, eventually was crowned King Faustin II and reigned virtually single-handed over the 12,000 natives for nearly five years—between 1921 and 1925.

He became famous as the "White King of La Gonave," and as he goes about more commonplace duties in the Marine Corps today, he still gets numerous inquiries about his years in Haiti; about the broad and beaming native woman, Queen Ti Memenne, who had chosen him to rule the island.

Queen Ti Memenne, of course, was not really a queen, nor was Wirkus truly a king, because La Gonave was merely a province of Haiti and under the administration of the Haitian republic and its president. But the stormy little country had been the scene of a bloody uprising a few years before, starting in 1915. Marines had been sent in to settle it, and a picked number had remained to train and run the native Gendarmerie.

Gunnery Sergeant Wirkus was one of these men, and by Congressional permission, was on detached duty with the Gendarmerie and held the rank of lieutenant in the force. Assigned to La Gonave, he was officially a subdistrict commander.

Strange was the coincidence that marked his stay on La Gonave. A native king named Faustin disappears. Years later an ex-breaker boy from the Pennsylvania coal mines shows up. His name was Faustin—after a priest in his home town of Pittston—and he becomes, in effect if not in fact, king of the island.

As a lad of 12, Wirkus had picked a Marine as his idol. The man had just returned from fighting in Nicaragua, and Wirkus determined to join the colorful Marines when he grew up. He was just 18 when he journeyed to nearby Scranton and tried to enlist. He was all but signed up when he discovered it was the army he was joining.

The Marine "KING"

by Robert H. Myers



MARINE GUNNER F. E. WIRKUS

He gracefully withdrew, located a Marine recruiting station at Wilkes-Barre, and was sworn in. That was 1915.

Today Wirkus is a Marine Gunner, in charge of the Marine Aviation detachment at the Navy's Pre-Flight School at Chapel Hill, N. C. But to go back to those years of yesterday—

Soon after enlisting, he landed in Haiti with the first outfits of Marines that went down to settle the trouble in that country. His was the old 22nd Company, led by Capt. Alexander S. Williams, and his battalion commander was a man later destined for world fame, General Smedley Butler.

Off and on for five years, the Marines were busy bushfighting the treacherous "cacos," knife-wielding natives whose tactics were bloody if not successful. Wirkus engaged in many scraps—he killed seven cacos in one bitter engagement—and gradually gained recognition as a cool, efficient and straight-shooting noncom.

Once in Port au Prince he took a handful of native gendarmerie and broke up a secret voodoo ceremony and captured the ringleaders. This he accomplished with not a man injured. Voodoo meetings were often hotbeds of trouble.

During these years Wirkus kept hearing tales about the island of La Gonave, 40

miles north of Port au Prince and about 300 square miles in area. Voodooism was rampant on the island, and fearsome were some of the tales. A white man, so it was whispered, was not safe on La Gonave. No one wanted that outpost duty. Ghosts and spooks, they said, haunted the place.

But Wirkus made one visit to the island and decided he wanted it as a sub-district command. He scoffed at voodoo scare tales—and still does—and figured it would be a good place as a one-man job. Hunting and fishing were good, the climate was no barrier, and Wirkus was ambitious to make a name for himself as the key man in running the subdistrict. It was his responsibility to regulate travel and traffic, prevent smuggling, exercise control over the prison, enforce harbor and docking regulations, sanitation requirements, and see that lands were properly allotted and taxes paid.

When Wirkus arrived on brooding La Gonave, he found the natives suspicious of all white men, which was hardly surprising. For years they had been exploited and cheated. Their lot was a poor one, to say the least. Wirkus set out to correct these conditions, and behind his success was a genuine affection for the native population. As Sequester, or Administrator, he not only handled his official duties, but went out of his way to help the people. He showed them better ways to till their lands, for the main industry was agriculture. He repaired their antique equipment and modernized it where possible.

Mothers were astonished but grateful when he came to their aid in bringing up their offspring. They didn't know it, but he bought a book, "The Care and Feeding of Children," to help him with such problems. He surveyed the lands and divided, eliminating bitter disputes, and he reduced taxes for some and boosted it for others, many of whom had enjoyed favoritism from corrupt local representatives of the Haitian government. He had the first census taken, which brought on some amusement for the bachelor Gyrene.

"We had some trouble finding out how many children some of the families had, because often the fathers were a little careless in keeping check on their love affairs." Sitting in the armory at his Chapel Hill base, as we were during this interview, Mr. Wirkus smiled when he recalled the matter.

It took a full year for Wirkus to gain the trust and friendship of the islanders, and particularly Queen Ti Memenne. The queen was the leading figure in a group of matriarchal societies which dominated affairs of business and society on La Gonave. During his early months there, Wirkus had made it a point to humor the fat and friendly queen, and she soon began to accept his advice and help.

One day Wirkus received a summons at his newly built home on the coast. Messengers from the queen delivered it. They were very solemn. The message asked that Wirkus hasten inland and up into the back mountain country to the queen's village of white-washed mud huts. The queen very urgently wanted to see the young American, who was then not quite 25.

Wondering what it could be about, Wirkus accepted and started off on horseback. The trails up the mountain were crowded with natives, all heading for the queen's village. When he finally reached the village he was ushered, still somewhat mysteriously, into a dwelling especially reserved for him. It was late afternoon and the queen's emissaries informed him that



Left: House in which he lived while stationed on island.
Below: Principal village on the island of La Gonave.
Right: Water for this "shower" was carried three miles.



his presence would not be wanted before Queen Ti Memenne until late that night. Already drums were slowly beating in the village center. The Yankee, still wondering what it was all about, calmly undressed and went to sleep.

"It was nearly midnight when I was awakened and told to follow my attendants. I was still drowsy and half asleep, and what happened from then on seems like a dream even now," Wirkus related.

He was guided to the queen's hut, passing by the village center where hundreds of natives sat on the ground around a huge fire while others danced about in frenzied ceremonial form. The beat of the tom-toms grew faster and faster, the thunder echoing down the mountainside.

The Marine, dressed in his usual khaki and puttees, entered the queen's house, stepping into a tiny room. Squatting in close array on the floor were members of the inner court. Ti Memenne, barefoot and dressed in a gaily colored robe, sat at the front in regal fashion, her black face shadowed in the sputtering, vague rays of the dim candle light. Queen Ti Memenne must have been in her forties or more, and while a friendly woman, she had a way of demanding and getting respect.

The Marine found out why he had been summoned before Queen Ti Memenne. He was to be crowned "King Faustin II."

"At first I thought it was just a way they had of telling me they liked me, but later it developed that Ti Memenne and her people were in earnest about the matter. They had discussed the thing for days, and had agreed to name me as their 'white king'."

The ceremony, weird in many ways, lasted for nearly three hours. Outside the drums rolled and pounded, all but drowning out the bleating of a young goat, scared to the tip of his tail, which was brought into the royal chamber and offered up as a blood sacrifice.

Wirkus was seated on a small, short-legged chair, and at the queen's command, an attendant came from the next room bearing a heavy, ornate crown.

"I now crown you 'King Faustin II,'" proclaimed Queen Ti Memenne, and she placed the crown—the same crown, so it was said, that once had adorned the head of King Faustin I—on Wirkus!"

"Two huge blacks then picked me up and carried me outside. As soon as I appeared the drums beat out the king's salute—four ruffles and three taps. I knew that this was no empty honor they were paying me."

Thus was crowned "The White King of La Gonave," a title that was to bring Wirkus, the Marine, fame in many countries. William B. Seabrook made him the romantic featured character of his book,

"Magic Isle," and later Mr. Wirkus himself wrote a book which he called, "The White King of La Gonave."

With the fame, however, also came envy and jealousy from certain quarters. Haiti's president a few years later, Louis Borno, hardly relished the popularity of La Gonave's subdistrict commander, or the thought that a "king," official or unofficial, was in charge of one of his provinces. So eventually Wirkus was transferred to another West Indies station.

Before that happened, though, the adventure-loving Leatherneck proved himself a good and kindly administrator. The natives greeted him with "Bon soi, Roi," or "Good evening, King," and he was forever amused at the intense interest the natives took in his everyday affairs. Often they stood around his home, just to watch him dress.

As "King," of course, he had no more authority than he had before. In the eyes of his Marine associates in the Gendarmerie, he was still merely subdistrict commander. He received no pay for his kingly title, and his stay on the island was as routine as before. To him, it was just a high compliment.

Wirkus' secret in dealing with the islanders was simple: He liked them and wanted to help them. He was always careful to respect their customs. One offer he was forced to reject, however. He was once tendered a dusky belle as his queen. Wirkus tactfully declined. He remained a bachelor throughout his long stay in the tropics, and, in fact, didn't marry until after he left the Marine Corps in 1931.

Life on La Gonave, judging by his words, was most routine. He had a comfortable home built near the waterfront, and several small but liveable huts were erected around the island which he used on his monthly horseback trips around the district. Each was fitted with an improvised shower, and clean linen and changes of clothing always were ready at each station. He never carried firearms for protection, although often he carried sums of money to pay off the native gendarmes under his command. He did keep a rifle handy for hunting along the trail.

Wirkus smiles when he thinks of some of the little tricks he had to pull to get things done. Once he was in dire need of a good mason but he wasn't able to pay one for the work necessary. One of the natives tipped him off about a voodoo ceremony arranged for a particular night. Attending, he said, would be one of the best bricklayers on La Gonave. The result was that

Wirkus raided the illegal voodoo gathering, arrested the man he wanted, sentenced him to a long term and then put him to work laying the bricks. He promised the native the term would be ended when the work was finished—and the happy culprit broke all records completing the job.

The veteran Marine has many anecdotes. Drifting in and out of his stories are the names of Major General Keller E. Rockey, who was a major and district commander when Wirkus was in Haiti. Major Ray A. Trevelyan and Colonel Rhoads used to fly over to La Gonave from Port au Prince to pick up a mess of fish Wirkus would have waiting for them. Colonel A. E. Greecey often rode into the interior with him, and Major General Roy Geiger was another frequent visitor by plane from the mainland.

Once Wirkus ordered his native scouts to bring in proof that they had captured some bandits who were terrorizing some of the people in the back country. They brought him proof all right—six black ears. They were all left ears, proof that they came off six separate heads. Wirkus said he never asked the scouts for proof after that. He took their word.

In 1925 Wirkus was transferred to another station in the West Indies. It was a sad occasion when "The White King of La Gonave" bade his people goodbye. The natives lined the shores and cheered as Queen Ti Memenne gravely prophesied:

"Some day you will come back and rule the island of La Gonave."

Wirkus spent six more years in the Tropics, and in 1931 he came back to his Pennsylvania home town. Ten thousand people greeted him as he rode down the street in a parade arranged in his honor. It was a public holiday for Pittston.

He stepped out of the Marine Corps that year, and for the next few years divided his time between travel, lecturing and selling bonds for a Wall Street brokerage house.

In 1940 he reenlisted in the Marine Corps. He resumed his rate as master gunnery sergeant and was attached to recruiting in New York. And last year when the Navy set up its Pre-Flight School at the University of North Carolina, he was placed in charge of the Marine detachment stationed there. He was promoted to Marine Gunner in January, 1943.

He is a busy man at Chapel Hill, but on a quiet day he can relax and think of those days when he was the "White King of La Gonave," the unrelated successor of King Faustin I who ruled the tropical kingdom of La Gonave those many years ago.

Jinx

by Frank X. Tolbert

A Singing Raider Haunts Tojo's Snipers as Pals Take Over Enogai Inlet



There He Was, Roosting Patiently in a Banyan Tree, Dead Japs All Around

DURING the jungle battles for Enogai Inlet on New Georgia Island, the Japanese troops may have got the idea that "Jinx" Powers was a sort of heavyweight apparition.

Powers, a Marine Raider out of West Springfield, Mass., prowled behind Nipponese lines for three and one-half days, armed only with a service pistol and three rounds of ammunition. And when the Raiders charged in, after a fierce mortar barrage, and captured the bay and its artillery, Jinx was found roosting in a banyan tree with deceased Japanese snipers all around him.

Jinx doesn't look much like an apparition. He weighs almost 190 pounds, in good shape, though he's only five feet, eight inches in altitude. He has a square, cheerful face. He's always singing when there's no need for quiet on the trail, and his pals in the Raider battalion say that he deserves a bureau drawer full of medals just for keeping up their spirits when the going is rough. His real name is Thomas Francis Powers. When last we heard, Thomas Francis was a private first class, but he has probably got one or two promotions since for his grand chores in the New Georgia campaign.

Except for Boot Camp and a month or so afterwards, Powers never has been a "state-side Marine". He went to the South Pacific as one of the charter members of a Raider battalion in 1942.

The bloody actions on Gavutu, Tanambogo, Tulagi and Guadalcanal were only prelude for Private Powers. Possibly, New Georgia may have been just another preliminary for the chubby youth from Massachusetts. Other charter members of the battalion say they will not be at all surprised if Jinx strides along on the "point" all the way to the Japanese heartland, if strategy makes it necessary for the Marine Corps to fight its way all up the ladder of Pacific isles. And, when there's no need for quiet, Powers will be singing gay songs, improvising lyrics of his own to old tunes.

Casualties were heavy in the Raiders during the first of the Solomons campaigns. When the battalion set out, with other Marine and Army units, for the invasion of New Georgia, there were a lot of new men and the equipment was much better than on that faraway August 7 morning when the Raiders first had set foot in the Solomons.

The landing on New Georgia was unopposed. Jinx could sing a lot as the Raiders pressed through fantastic banyan forests and swam steaming rivers and searched out the coral ridges for the enemy.

On New Georgia, Jinx was runner for a platoon leader, Marine Gunner Haynes. Haynes' platoon was on the point so Powers had to scamper back to the rear, frequently with messages.

Powers was up on the "point of the point" with the Marine Gunner when the Raiders were advancing against the outposts in the Nipponese defense system round the Enogai Bay artillery emplacements. The point was plenty rugged as the Raiders probed the jungles for enemy machine gun nests or patrols.

Among the other lads on the point was Pvt. Johnny Connolly of Brooklyn (see "The Gentleman from New Georgia" in December issue of *The Leatherneck*). Connolly and Powers were very good friends, though they had a lot of arguments.

Connolly and Powers were walking a few paces back of the husky Marine Gunner when the point ran into a big Jap patrol. The Nips had placed a couple of heavy machine guns so as to catch the Marines in a crossfire. Haynes halted the column before this happened, but Connolly and Corporal Tommy Brierton of Watervliet, N. Y., Connolly's squad leader, and Powers were hit by Shambo gun fire. Connolly got it the worst, a large bullet wound in his left foot. Powers was hit in the side, and Brierton was struck in the thigh.

Everybody found some sort of cover except Connolly, who was trying to crawl out of range. The Marine Gunner told Powers to go back and explain the situation and bring reinforcements, including some more corpsmen. While bullets kicked up dust around them, Jinx dragged Connolly out with him, to the safety of a ridge. He put a battle dressing on Johnny's bad foot and gave him a shot of morphine. Then, leaving the wounded man in the care of another Raider, Jinx started at a lope toward the rear to get help.

That is, Jinx thought he was going to the rear. While he'd been hauling Connolly he must have got mixed up on his direction. Anyway, the boy started down the wrong trail and soon he found that there were Japs all around him and he was near an enemy outpost.

Powers had only an automatic pistol with him, and he'd fired this so often during the advance early in the day that he was down to three rounds. So there was added need for him to stay hidden. He lay in the bushes for hours and then crept and crawled to the edge of a clearing. There was a fat Japanese noncom. The Jap took off his shoes and starting playing with his toes and grunting something.

Jinx said it looked as if the Nip NCO was playing "This Little Pig Went to Market, etc.", for he would touch each toe and then chant something.

"It got on my nerves, kind of," said Jinx.

So Powers sighted in on the Jap and used one round of his precious ammunition to stop that game of "This Little Pig Went to Market". Then Powers had to snake through the bushes fast and get away from that clearing for the forest was full of little yellow men.

His wound was bothering him a lot now, but Jinx couldn't stop to dress it again. He was too busy dodging the Nips. Often they passed within a few feet of his hiding places in the bushes. He kept trying to get back to Marine lines, moving toward the sound of firing. But he would run into Shambo patrols and have to move swiftly through the forest to keep out of their paths.

For three days and nights, without food and with his injured side throbbing, Powers successfully played hide-and-seek. In the dark hours, on the morning of the fourth day, he crawled into the boughs of a big banyan tree near the bay. In the trees all around him were Nip snipers. He could see them occasionally. Possibly they saw him among the leaves but thought he was another sniper. Jinx had his automatic ready, but he didn't have to use it.

The Raiders started dropping mortar shells in the banyan grove. They'd located the snipers by their fire, and soon there wasn't a living sniper in yodeling distance of Private Powers' roost.

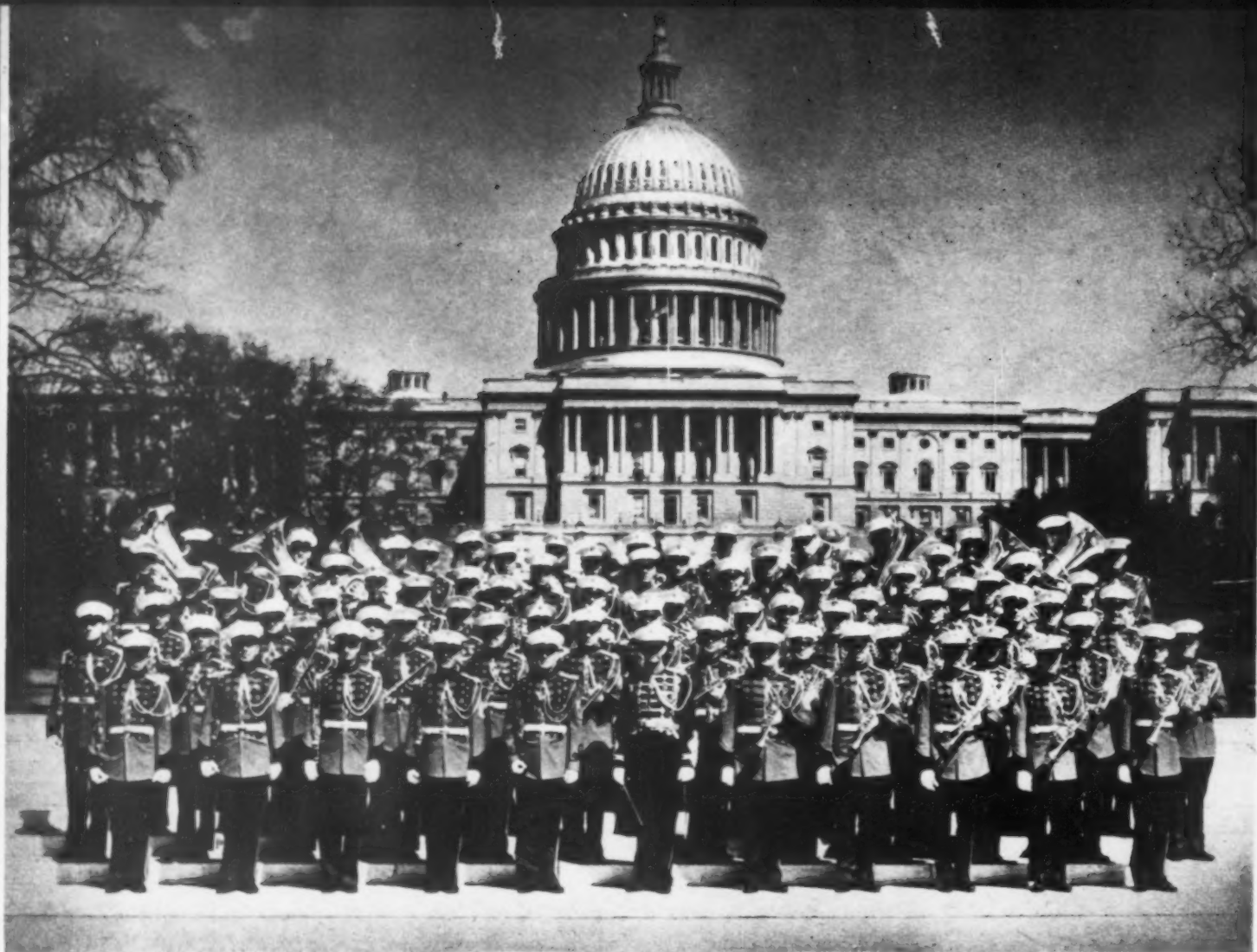
"I'd been awfully lucky in not getting hit by our mortars," said the runner, "but I wasn't out of the woods yet. Not with those trigger-happy kids charging into the grove and shooting anything that moved."

Jinx just "froze" there in the banyan boughs and started to sing. He sang all of the gay, crazy songs with his own improvised lyrics that he'd bellowed on the trail. And the Raiders recognized him.

They said: "Come on down out of there, Jinx. What you doing buddyding around with all of these Nippos?"

Powers was almost in tears when he clambered down and talked to towering Platoon Sergeant Anthony J. (Big Stoop) Polonis. He wasn't in tears over his smarting side wound, nor his hungry belly or the sleepless days and nights he spent amidst the Nips.

Jinx said: "Honest, Stoop, it makes me cry to think about it. If I'd had a B. A. R. or an M-I I could have killed 200 of them. And all I got was one fat noncom who was playing with his toes."



The Marine Band



BACH and boogie woogie, Sousa and Strauss—the United States Marine Band takes them all in a day's work. That's because the organization is a symphony orchestra, dance orchestra and chamber music ensemble as well as one of the most famous military bands in the world.

It is also the only band to be chartered by Congress, only band to have played for every President from John Adams to Franklin D. Roosevelt and only band to have entertained military, diplomatic and civilian Washington, D. C., since 1800.

The first Marine band was a fife and drum outfit that fought with the Marines during the Revolutionary War. Chartered by Congress in 1798 when a Drum Major, a Fife Major and 32 "drums and fifes" were approved by President John Adams, the Marine band has since expanded to 85 musicians, a Leader, Second Leader and a Drum Major.

In Washington, regular band concerts are held at the Capitol grounds, the Marine Barracks and at the veterans' hospitals. The band also leads military funerals at Arlington Cemetery and the dress parades at the Marine Barracks where they have their headquarters. Three radio programs are

given each week and diplomatic visitors to the White House often hear the band play upon arrival. Yearly tours were made throughout the United States until the war made transportation difficult.

Little-known part of the Marine band is the symphony orchestra. The orchestra plays at weekly concerts, at the White House and for cabinet, congressional and patriotic dinners during the winter.

Start of the orchestra was made in 1898 by William H. Santelmann, father of the present Leader, and the first concert was played in 1902 at the White House.

The library, which also contains all types of band music, has orchestra works from light music for receptions, teas and dinners to classical and contemporary symphonies.

A dance orchestra is one of the busiest units of the Marine band. Men who ceremoniously play the most conservative symphonies take no bow to professional dance bands as they swing into "People Will Say We're in Love" or "Pistol-Packin' Mama".

Although members of the band are essentially musicians, they are also Marines. Campaign ribbons from the first world war and the Marine campaigns in Central and South America are not infrequent on the breasts of the men.

Bandsmen are enlisted for "general service" and all are subject to a line-duty transfer. The physical requirements are the same as for the Regular Marine Corps and the height requirements are even more rigid as no man under 64 inches is accepted. A bandsman must be available for both band and orchestra duty which often means playing two instruments. Pay is regulated by Congress and all the men live on subsistence. Generally they are 30-year men.

The "Semper Fidelis" spirit reigns in the band as elsewhere in the Marine Corps. They are proud of their past achievements, proud of the men in their outfit, and proud of the sobriquet "The Presidents' Own".

On the following pages, The LEATHERNECK has followed typical Musician Third Class Dale Harphan through some activities of the Marine Band. Going on his ninth year in the band, Dale comes from Pleasant Lake, Ind. He played trombone and cello in high school and declined a full-tuition scholarship to Culver Military Academy to join the Marine Band on his eighteenth birthday. He has been married five years and has a three-months-old daughter. Mrs. Harphan, also from Pleasant Lake, taught music in Washington schools before marrying Dale.



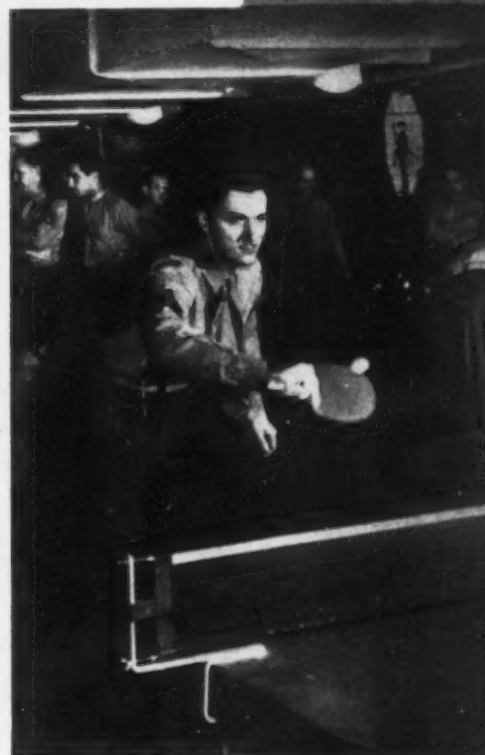
No bugle or whistle awakens pajama-clad Marine Bandsman, Dale Harphan. Instead Mrs. Harphan resolutely shakes him at 0647.



Band roll call is taken at 0850. Here Mus. 3rd Harphan and Stancell and Sergeant Leo report to the Corporal of the Gate.



Marine Bandsmen spend much of their time in rehearsal and are on 24-hour schedule. Practice five mornings a week include work on band, symphony, dance and tea music.



Intermissions are full with ping pong and pool at the Post recreation room.



Recently added talent, Jones, Lambert, Schuster, Stutch and Joiner shoot the breeze before orchestra rehearsal is started.



Two 29-year men, Jim Miller and Thaddeus Hess, eye hashmarks of Louis Marschat, Vera Cruz veteran, who retires this year.



After the intermission, Harphan plays cello in orchestra rehearsal. The orchestra plays weekly public concerts as well as at the White House and official meetings.



Son of former leader, Capt. William F. Santelmann is up from the ranks.



After orchestra practice, Dale and other Bandsmen get a sandwich and coke at the Post Exchange. Many go home for lunch.



Ablaze in red special dress uniforms, the earlybirds for the White House detail joke with ice-cream lover, Winfred Kemp.



Dale, a trombonist, stands poised for the Leader's baton to drop and welcome another Presidential visitor to the Capitol.



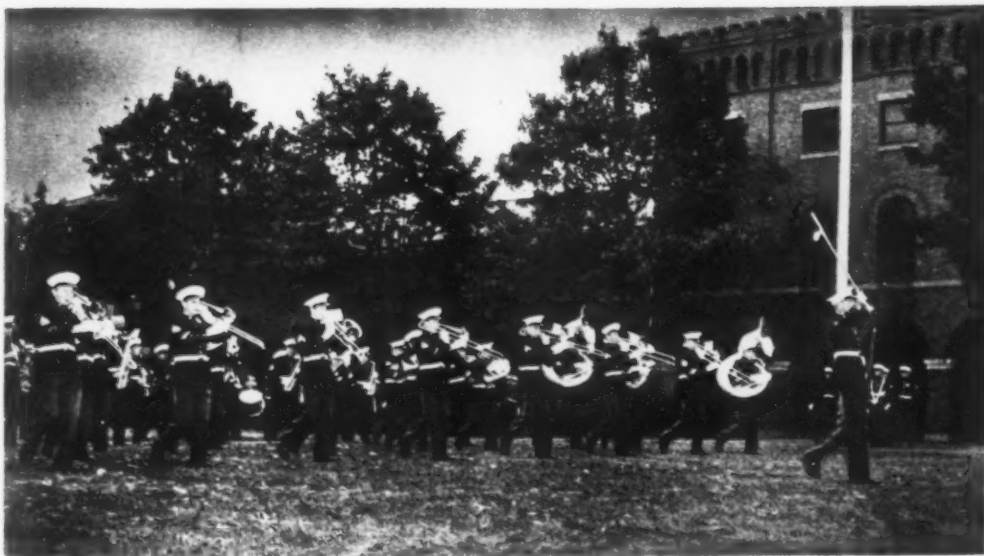
With all eyes on the Captain, the full 85-man Band, plays at the rear of the White House. Note the Washington Monument.



Librarians, full-time bandmen, prepare music for the afternoon parade. Cabinets have everything from Bach to Loesser.



Dale sings his way through another uniform change, this time to parade blues. They now wear Greens as uniform of the day.



Drum Major Elmer R. Hansen steps out as the Band leads troops in the semi-weekly parade at the Marine Barracks. The Drum Major also acts as Band First Sergeant.



Exemplification of versatility, Dale dons apron and washes dinner dishes.



Dishes done, Harphan plays and sings "Paper Doll" at St. Elizabeth's Home.



Home to the five-room suburb apartment, Dale becomes a family man with Mercquand's latest book, "So Little Time", and pretty Mrs. Harphan and three-months-old Evelyn.



one-man raider

by Arthur J. Burks



HE was ready to go to the ends of the earth. That's what Master Gunnery Sergeant Tarr had told the high ranking officer to whom he sold his bill of goods. Now he was on his way. If he succeeded—and he *must*—new hope might dawn in the hearts of prisoners held by the Japs.

"I got away from the little brown brothers," Gunny Tarr had told the General, "when they practically had me on my knees over my own grave. In fact, death was so close I thought I was feeling the sword of that little yellow-bellied Jap officer coming down on the back of my neck."

"How?" the General asked. He had heard of the exploits of this Tarr, but breaking out of a Jap prison camp was no cinch.

"Luckily, they didn't find a slim knife that I had in my belt. I slipped it up my sleeve when they tied me. And I'd snapped in plenty on getting away, figuring that some day I might get caught. First chance I got I cut the cord—and a few Japs who happened to get in the way."

"And your idea is that if you could get away from the brink of the grave," said the General, "other Leathernecks could get away from almost any place?"

"Other Leathernecks, yes, sir—and other prisoners—whatever their nationality. I can't tell you what it means to be in the hands of those little . . ."

The General had held up his hand, shutting off the name Gunny Tarr never really could find to describe the little . . .

But that was three weeks ago. Right now, he told himself, he better start thinking about landing in the grimly jungled area in New Guinea toward which his parachute was floating.

He knew that area as well as any man alive. Through it he had struggled back after his escape from the Japs. He had fallen into their hands after a chute landing with other paratroopers—some of whom were still in Jap hands.

If Tarr could release them, with this new idea of his, he, with the others he would train, could release others, at the very ends of the earth. He was, this 25-year-old Master Gunnery Sergeant, the rugged and resourceful sort that people think about when you say "Marine"—only more so. If the paratroopers were the elite of the Marine Corps elite, then the outfit he was going to develop was even greater, more important, more rugged, than the paratroopers themselves. He was, in effect, a super-intelligence agent. And, God willing, he thought devoutly, he'd prove his point tonight, and keep on proving it until there were many others like him. The General would have to let him train such an outfit.

He was ready, too. Hard as nails, knowing all the tricks of dirty fighting that had made Colonel Biddle a master of fighting men, he had developed a few things of his own. His mind worked like a steel trap. Whatever he saw, now, he translated into terms of destruction; destruction of the

enemy without let-up, without mercy. For the enemy knew nothing of mercy.

"A thousand men couldn't release them," he had told the General, "but one man can reach them, and arm them, and they can release themselves. I did it. So can they."

"It may mean a sentence of death to them all," said the General.

"And just what does the general think being a prisoner of the Japs is?"

"I see what you mean, Tarr," the General had said dryly. "Give it a try, sergeant, and maybe . . ."

He left it hanging in the air, and now Tarr himself, literally, was hanging in the air. He had stepped out of the bomber at ten thousand. The black wings of the monster had glided down toward his objective from twenty thousand, practically without sound. Tarr must surprise the enemy, or die. There would be no second chance. The sentence to beheading would never be commuted if he again fell into Japanese hands. He gritted his teeth as he remembered. In imagination he could feel his 190 pounds once more doing battle against the little brown apes. His fists were sledgehammers again. He remembered picking them up, those Japs, two at a time, and smashing them to death. He wanted more of the same.

The jungles were visible now. Japs might be awaiting him down there. In his garments, which were none too heavy at this altitude, but which would be smothering in the jungles, he had tucked a number of deadly knives—cut down bayonets which "Gunny" Crystal had designed for him. The hilts had been removed, the blades ground to slender, razor-sharpness. You didn't stab with them; you *stroked*!

Gunny Tarr hit the treetops. His 'chute collapsed. His keen ears strained for enemy sounds. Down below in the almost impenetrable blackness they might be waiting for him. His heavy clothes had protected him against injury. Now he slipped out of them, stashing the 'chute and the heavy duds. Now he was stripped down to clothes designed for this work. Almost skin-tight, it was still "G. I." The Nips might as well know, if they lived, who had done to them what he intended doing.

Swiftly he went down from the tree. He had picked out his landmarks against the darkness, knew exactly where he was. And why shouldn't he? He had dodged his pursuers in this area for two weeks, to make his unbelievable escape. Details had been etched on his memory to last forever.

He touched the hot ground, the damp, deadly ground, and listened. His knives, slender as serpents' fangs, were distributed about his person. He moved out swiftly, almost running, as soon as his eyes adjusted to the jungle dark. They were good eyes, 20/20 and better. He could, with either hand, with any handgun, knock a dime from between a man's thumb and forefinger at fifty yards.

He allowed himself two hours. His wrist-

watch was turned inside his wrist, so that its light should not show him to an enemy. He moved almost without sound, knowing instinctively how and when to duck. And so he came to the Japanese outpost positions. He knew when he had reached them, by the smell of perfume. The Japs doused themselves with the stuff. His teeth grated. He wanted to move aside, following the smells, and use one of those knives. But he dare not do it yet. Coming back, perhaps. But he must reach his friends first. Maybe they'd all been murdered by now. The Japs didn't bother much with prisoners. But they might have kept them, simply to torture them. That was Gunny Tarr's hope.

He slipped into the Jap camp, got his bearings, headed for the barbed wire behind which, if they lived, his friends would be. The night was empty of sound. But if a sentry flashed a light now . . .

He must never allow that to happen, he told himself. And even as he thought, a sentry loomed before him, his face dull blurred in the night. Mutual recognition was instantaneous. Slipping past the bayonet, he clutched at a yellow throat. Then, with the point of the knife, he *stroked*!

He eased Number One to the ground. No time to drag him away. He must risk the finding of the body. He must hurry, too. He could hear the restless stirring of men, just before he reached the wire. It was probably electrified. He'd got that impression before, though nobody had tested it out.

But he went under it, swiftly digging. The Japs had not figured on this, the stockade being so secure inside their lines. Gunny Tarr, silent as an animal, squatted inside, in the dark. Now, if he were spotted, he was a gone gosling. The old despair which had been his when he had been here before, gripped him for a moment. If . . . if . . . but no "ifs" must be allowed to impair his efficiency.



He clutched at a yellow-throat. Then, with the point of his long, bayonet-knife, he stroked!

"Griff!" he dared to whisper. Instantly there was movement close to him, and a voice whispered almost in his ear:

"Tarr! Heard you come under the wire. Suspected something, intended to strangle you. In another second . . . but I thought you got away?"

"Pipe down! Take this. How many are left?"

"Fifteen. Skin and bones, and bruises and rags and running sores and empty bellies. Five have been tortured to death. One each day for the last five days—every time American air raids hit the Japs. Just what good it does to torture us . . ."

"You're getting even, now! These knives

"I know. We all know. I couldn't feel better if I had a full meal—which I haven't had in I don't know when. What's the score?"

"Out through the wire, just as I came in. Then scatter. On the way out, use the knives, silently, wherever and whenever possible. The Japs must know, in the morning, what has happened—and realize that it can and will happen again."

"Yes? They'll kill all prisoners, after. But that's better than living among 'em."

"Let's get going. Take the knives. Give me ten minutes start. I'm important. My escape is important. That outfit we discussed, remember? The Old Man is letting me try it. I've got to make it back . . ."

Tarr went back out. But he didn't go far. He waited. The Japs were astir, as though sensing something. He heard the sentry at the wire, uneasily marching. Then the marching stopped. From a shadowed hut nearby he heard the sound as a man stirred in uneasy sleep, and muttered something in Japanese. Tarr wanted to get into that hut, quiet the sleeper, quell his uneasy dreams—with a stroke of the knife. But huts could be traps, and he must not be trapped. His friends must be through the wire by now. His hands had touched Ser-

geant Griffin—to find his erstwhile buddy almost naked, thin as a scarecrow. He didn't need to see to know. Griffin had also weighed a hundred and ninety, six weeks before. Now, if he weighed a hundred and twenty-five . . .

"And there are hundreds of us behind Japanese wire," Tarr told himself. "If I can just make this stick . . ."

He was moving back now, the way he had come. He was almost through the outposts when he heard men talking. Japs, officers, enlisted men. He moved close, gauging their number. A patrol of some sort, in the line by which his friends *might* be coming out.

The Japs separated, not too careful, knowing themselves well inside their own lines. Gunny Tarr moved swiftly, tagging each one in turn. He wondered what survivors thought, if they noticed the silence that fell on some of their number. But the survivors were not given much time to think. Tarr did for six men in less than that many minutes. Men who smelled of cheap perfume. Six men who would not molest Griffin, and the others. There was now another odor on the night, tropical air. Men of war knew it, acrid in their nostrils; the smell of fresh blood.

A machine gun began to chatter. Screams broke forth. Lights began to flash on. In a matter of seconds searchlights shot across the skies. Tarr's men were busy, and other men, doomed, were waking to their danger, finding dead men beside them. Then they died in their turn. Tarr laughed softly, silently.

He was running now, hands before him, by which he could carom off trees. He stumbled, fell, did the right shoulder roll instinctively, was up again. A machine gun chattered from his right, and bullets chewed the trees around him. He went down, rolled behind a tree. Japs charged in, hunting the body they had heard fall. They found it, and it was behind them, on its feet

now, and they never saw it. They felt the hands of it, briefly, before they died, because the hands drove a knife into their necks, at just the right spots. Tarr kicked the machine gun aside with a snarl of contempt. The Japs felt secure when they made a lot of noise. But that made them duck-soup for men like Tarr.

Tarr went on. He paused twice, hearing patrols. He went on each time after he had disposed of them. His plan was working like a charm. A one-man raider, though he didn't think of himself so. He thought of himself as an avenging angel, a genius of enemy-destruction. He would never be able to kill all the Japs that needed to be killed. But that was secondary. Release prisoners, that was his job, and they could be relied upon to do his killing for him, by grim and avenging proxy.

"To the ends of the earth, wherever I am needed," was what he described to himself as his objective.

When morning came he was running. He'd trained for this from the day he had become a paramarine. He could run for hours. He could walk and run for more hours.

He got through the lines, got into the advance outposts of the Allies, greeted Australians, Canadians, Anzacs—and so in good time, his first mission completed, hooked a plane ride back over the Owen Stanley Range to Headquarters, and a certain General to whom to tell his story.

"If seven of the fifteen get back, Tarr," the General told him, "I'm sold. That's a good gamble. There's a certain staff officer behind the *Aiyu-sen* in Formosa, whom I could use here very nicely . . ."

"I've always wanted to visit Formosa, sir," said Gunny Tarr.

"If seven get through," said the General.

Two days later Griffin came in by plane, with three gaunt, hollow eyed paramarines. Two days later the number of escapists had mounted to ten. The General sent for Tarr.

"Five didn't make it, Tarr," he said.

"At least yet," said Tarr. "But the General said seven, and those five, if they were killed, were probably glad to die, knowing about this idea, and what it can mean to others like them."

"Simple," said the General. "It's always simple to die for something. But living for something. Tarr, that's something else again. Bring me that staff officer, out of Formosa, and I'll see that you live for your chosen mission in this war—as long as you can stay alive!"

"I'll stay alive, sir," said Tarr grimly, "while there is a Jap to kill! Give me a month to figure the angles, I'll get that staff officer out, if you'll cooperate . . ."

"Cooperate, Tarr?" said the General. "Did the Army ever fail to cooperate with the Marines, to the limit?"

Tarr grinned.

"Opinions differ, sir, but in *this*, now . . ."

"Not a flier I know, Tarr," said the General, "or a submarine commander, but would also like a look at Formosa. And if I were to call you tomorrow, and say I needed that staff officer within the week . . ."

"Then the Marines, sir, would cooperate with the *Army*!"

Tarr knew, as he left the famous General, that his mission of destruction had been "sold"; that while he might not be allowed to pick his spots, there would be Japs aplenty at any spot the general decided to send him.

That's all he asked.

MEDICOS UTILIZE NEW
FIELD STEPS TO SAVE
LIVES OF MEN INJURED
IN PACIFIC WAR ZONES



Three for Victory

By Tom Davis

JOHNNY STEELE is a quiet, unassuming kid from Pikesville, Ky., little given to talking much about himself, much less how he came to win the Navy Cross for gallantry in action in the jungles of Guadalcanal.

But he's quick to point out that without three great innovations in medical practice made in this war, he might not be around to talk at all. Johnny, 24, and a PFC, was sitting on the edge of his sack, clad in scivvie shirt and dungaree trousers, with his bare feet trailing toward the deck.

Several of the boys were gathered around batting the breeze about the medicos. Johnny, who is recovering from wounds, as were the others, recalled the fighting on Guadalcanal.

It was on October 7, 1942. Johnny's outfit, part of the Fifth Marines, was advancing on the Matanikou River. Somehow, in the heat of the fighting, he and his buddy, Joe Parker, a PFC from Syracuse, N. Y., got ahead of the general advance on the Jap positions.

Shells from Jap mortars were pounding the ground and lacing the trees with shrapnel. One landed nearby and let go with a roar, the concussion knocking Johnny groggy. That blast brought him into contact, although sometime later, with the first of the three innovations in medical practice which the talk was all about.

Johnny pushed on, reeling and bleeding, like a fighter who had gone down for a nine-count in the final round of a gruelling ring battle. Dazed, heedless of the hell that was breaking around him, he groped his way through the shell-torn area. Abruptly he came up behind a large Jap machine gun nest whose guns were pounding the advance on the flank.

Still in a daze, Johnny pointed the Browning automatic rifle he had been lugging at the Jap nest, let go a burst. He followed up with a grenade. Japs and their guns went up with the flash and Johnny went down. Hours later he came to in a field hospital behind the lines. Marines overrunning the position had come upon Johnny behind the Jap nest.

Back in the hospital blood plasma had been pumped into Johnny's veins, reducing the shock. Once in condition to be moved he was evacuated by air to a base hospital on another island from where he later was shipped home. Thus, two of the three innovations had been used to save his life—administration of plasma to reduce shock from his wounds and aerial evacuation.

The third innovation had been used a few weeks earlier—when Johnny had received two nicks from a Jap machine gun-

ner. At that time his buddy, Parker, had sprinkled sulfa drugs into the wounds and they had healed rapidly. Sulfa drugs are the third important contribution made in this war by medical science.

Recalling those hectic days on Guadalcanal, Johnny said:

"Yes, I guess that plasma they gave me pulled me through, at least that's what the doctors told me when I came to."

And Johnny's case is only one in thousands on battlefronts throughout the world. Thousands have received plasma and sulfa drugs and been evacuated by air from battlefields in the Solomons, Africa, Sicily and Italy, with other thousands to come as the Axis is driven to eventual defeat on all fronts.

Others in the group took up the talk with tales of their own. There was PFC F. X. O'Brien, holder of the Purple Heart for wounds received on the 'Canal, and who still carries a slug in his neck, and there was Gunnery Sergeant Bob Weimann of Irvington, N. J., who was with a parachute

"I saw one guy in my outfit, PFC Goodling; I don't remember his first name, get hit in the leg. Corpsmen immediately ripped open his dungaree trouser and sprinkled in some sulfa. Then they gave him a shot of morphine and he snapped right out of it.

"Goodling was hit by a Jap rifleman on Gavutu not 10 minutes after we landed. Later I saw another guy hit on Guadalcanal during the "Battle of Bloody Knoll" on the morning of September 17. I think he would have been a goner had it not been for plasma. A piece of shrapnel hit him in the chest and went through between his heart and his lungs.

"They gave him plasma and he soon came around. He recovered and later I saw him at Mare Island after we returned to the States."

The Gunny also was quick to admit that the sulfa drug treatment had been used on him. To look at him now, robust, mustached, dark brown wavy hair, you would find it hard to believe that he packs a chunk of shrapnel in one leg and bears three other wound scars.

He, too, got his in the "Battle of Bloody Knoll." That put him out of the scrap and corpsmen took over, sprinkling his wounds generously with sulfa.

"I was going forward with my rifle in one hand and a bag of grenades in the other," he explained, "when a big Jap grenade let go."

Thus, when the Marines struck in the Solomons they not only were the first American troops to open an offensive on foreign soil, but their doctors were the first to launch the latest practices in the field of American military medicine.

Shortly after Henderson Field on Gua-

Plasma is Given
At Front During
Heat of Battle



battalion. He, too, is eligible to wear the Purple Heart.

O'Brien told how they used to sprinkle sulfa drug powder in open sores that appeared on their hands. The drugs dried up the sores. The sores soon disappeared. Weimann, carrying a piece of shrapnel from a Jap grenade that put him out of the fighting on the 'Canal, after going unscathed during the battling on Tulagi and Gavutu, was loud in the praise of sulfa.

He took up the conversation.

dacanal was captured, large transport planes were bringing in supplies and taking out wounded Marines. The flights often were made under the guns of Jap Zeros and averaged more than 600 miles each way.

Navy doctors who have returned from the Southwest Pacific battle zones are enthusiastic over the results obtained from the use of the latest medical practices. While unwilling to be cast in the role of a romanticist, Captain Warwick T. Brown (MC), USN, who was the senior medical



Planes Carry Wounded
To Hospitals Behind
Lines, for Treatment

officer of the First Marine Division on Guadalcanal, had this to say:

"While these two agents (plasma and sulfa drugs) are largely responsible for the drop in the mortality rate among the wounded, we must not overlook the skillful care that the wounded receive from the naval medical officers and hospital corpsmen in the dressing stations and field hospitals close to the firing line. It is a fact that wound infections are no longer the deadly menace they were in the last war."

What Captain Brown meant by the "drop in the mortality rate" is that the death rate among wounded, whether in the field, at sea or in the air, is less than three per cent of the total number of casualties. In all previous conflicts the percentage has been more than twice as great.

The part that aerial evacuation of wounded is playing was explained recently by Capt. Don S. Knowlton, who also was a medical officer with the Marines on Guadalcanal. He said:

"Men wounded at midnight were flown out the next morning at sunrise to comfortable beds, the best specialists in America and to Navy nurses more than 600 miles away."

Captain Knowlton received the Legion of Merit award for his part in organizing the field hospitals for the care of wounded Marines.

There are other men now back in the States who have a good word for these innovations. One of these is PFC Maurice Peebles of the Fifth Marines who comes from Oxford, Md.

"That sulfa is damned good stuff," he asserted recently. "I think it saved a hell of a lot of limbs on guys out there. We lost surprisingly few arms and legs after sulfa drugs were given to guys who were hit."

Peebles was hit in the ankle by a piece of shrapnel from a Jap mortar shell a few days after he had landed on Guadalcanal. The shell smashed the bones in his ankle and also wounded him in the chest and arms.

Turning from these three greatest medical advances we come to other important steps for the safeguarding of men in combat zones.

One of these, still in an experimental stage, has been the designing of a new battle dress. The garment is a combination suit and life raft which offers protection against shell fragments and splinters and against drowning and blast injuries caused by underwater explosions. The raft is carried in a small pack on your back and may

be released in much the same manner as a parachute.

When a cord is pulled the package blossoms into a small rubber raft or boat. Carbon dioxide is used for inflation—and that is why civilians can't get all of the sodas they want. Only the hands and face are left uncovered when the outfit is donned and this is provided for through the recent introduction of a new anti-flash burn cream that is applied much like a woman puts cold cream on her face or arms.

Military surgeons also have a new field table for setting fractures right at the front. It weighs only 25 pounds and can be packed in a small suitcase. Also new apparatus has been designed to take care of fractures and still permit full use of limbs.

In this case metal pins or nails are driven into the bone above and below the point of the break. Lightweight metal bars run parallel to the broken bone and hold the pins in place.

The X-ray, as naturally might be expected, is saving many lives at the front. Once a picture has been taken, and the print is in the hands of the surgeon, he is able to make an immediate diagnosis and start treatment of the wound. It has been estimated that at the present time approximately one-third of the country's radiologists are in the armed forces.

These experts, along with all of the



A Marine Sprinkles
Sulfa Drug into Open
Cut, Curls Infection

other doctors in the field, also are keeping an ever-active watch for unusual wounds which may lead intelligence and ordnance officers to the discovery of new types of enemy weapons. It is a known fact that certain types of weapons cause a particular type of wound, and thus the path of medical science branches into allied helpful fields.

For those who may be surveyed out for medical reasons, a program is under way to assure a return to gainful occupation.

This is slated to be carried out through both vocational and occupational training and is aimed at self-sufficiency.

New Year Message

From the Commandant

The Chinese have an ancient and honorable custom which dictates that on the occasion of the New Year all debts must be settled. The Chinese face the New Year with a clean slate, all debts paid, all thoughts of money laid aside. This reason, perhaps as much as any other single factor, gives to the Chinese New Year celebrations an air of light-heartedness and gaiety that we of the Western World strive so hard to emulate. To the Chinese ours is a superficial celebration. We do not always pay our debts, we have the same old worries, we borrow new ones.

In my services in China I have seen many Chinese New Year's celebrations. It is a grand sight to watch both young and old, see their faces light up with an inner happiness which connotes complete peace of mind and a sense of all being right with the world. It is characteristic of the Chinese to look upon the happenings of the moment as being infinitesimal in scope and as having little bearing on the large picture of their long history. Considering the length of the era of civilization in China, it is no wonder that the more able thinkers in that land should have such a philosophy of life. To them the present war, now in its seventh year, is but a passing trial which the hand of time will soon erase.

Marines have, for a fourth of our history, served in China. Many of us have good cause to know and remember our services in that ancient land. Peiping and Shanghai are names that mean much to many of the present day Marines. To the newer Marines it casts a spell which can only be dispelled by actual service there.

On this day of the beginning of the New Year Marines are serving at many far-flung battle stations. We are in the midst of a war that, slowly begun with small resources of men and ships, is now turning in our favor. We are now entering a phase of the war which will end in final victory for the Allied Nations. Our production at home has been stepped up to the point where the armed forces are receiving, and will continue to receive, all the implements of war so necessary in carrying out their mission. Our Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard are manned by the nation's finest youth—completely trained, equipped and battle-tested—who are now carrying the war to the enemy with ever increasing fury. Our civilian population at home is tightening its collective belt to provide us with the tools of war. We have strong and powerful allies. In this New Year there is much for us to look forward to with keen anticipation.

Surely we of the Corps have many debts which we should like to see settled, so that we can face the New Year with a clean record. But we have much that is left to repay. We cannot forgive our debtors for Pearl Harbor, Wake, Guam, Corregidor and China. For that much of the debt which we have repaid for our comrades we are truly thankful. For that much of it left to repay we must look forward to the coming year with the calm assurance that ours is a sacred trust which, with the help of God, will not be left unpaid.



AT EASE

Review of the Year

This is the season when Hollywood selects the "best" movie of the year, the "best" acting, directing, etc. The winners become famous as Academy Award artists, their pay checks are enlarged and they are presented with small bronze trophies adorned with a trim little figure which at first glance might be mistaken for a stiff sardine standing in vertical position. It isn't a stiff sardine, of course, and most of the winners regard the trophies very seriously and place them on their mantelpiece with a spotlight beaming down on it when company drops in.

Well, we haven't any trophies lying around loose, but that isn't going to stop us from making our own list of selections.

We insist upon being novel, though. We are not going to follow the pattern set up by Hollywood. Instead we are going to nominate, after



DEANNA DURBIN

considerable research and many hours wasted in thought, the best pictures we simply did NOT like this past year.

Here we go—

For the champion, all-round bad movie, we nominate a cozy, preposterous little thing called, for some reason we never did figure out, "What's Buzzin', Cousin?"

This is sort of a typical movie in our roll of honor. It struck a happy medium in that it didn't cost too much money to make, yet it wasn't produced for peanuts, either. Freddie Martin and his fine band don't perform for nothing, you know, nor does Ann Miller dance for the same fee. As a matter of fact, we hope they all collected double for having to do "What's Buzzin'".

The funniest thing about it came from a Mac sitting in the row just behind us. He said it made his back tired. He had to say it that way because there was a lady with him. It made our back tired, too.

For an outstanding performance in grade-A ham acting, we give our Bronx salute to Mr.

Charles Laughton, the eminent English artist, who put us soundly to sleep in "This Land Is Mine." We're delighted that Mr. L. was so patriotic, but his speech—the one that came in the courtroom scene—struck us as another of those hopped up Hollywood things that are tossed into every movie.

Perhaps "We've Never Been Licked" should rate higher than "What's Buzzin'" because it cost a lot more money, but at least it did start out to be a good picture about a great school. Mr. Walter Wanger, the producer, sent writers and cameramen and others down to Texas to see for themselves what Texas A. and M. was and is. Apparently they weren't satisfied—they had to think up a novel idea to make sure the picture would be no different from a hundred others. They hauled in the Jap spy theme. You can guess what the picture is about even if you haven't seen it.

The elegant Mr. Cecil B. DeMille got a little help from Miss P. Goddard and a phoney southern accent in smelling up "Reap the Wild Wind," but maybe it's unfair to hop on this film since it was a reissue. Doubtless Mr. DeMille, Goddard and the phoney accent took beating enough when it first came out a year or so ago. Fortunately, we didn't see it then; unfortunately, time hadn't improved it.

Then there was the Marine flier Bill Lundigan played in "Salute to the Marines." Lundigan is in the Marine Corps now, and if he didn't know then, he should at this time—or his director should have known all the time—that Marine pilots don't go into their first air action against the Japs in the same way they drive their gal friends down a shady country lane. There is a little more feeling and intensity to Jap-fighting in the clouds. It's no pink tea. In fact one guy told us that not only the first time, but every time, he went against the enemy he felt like he had dysentery, but he didn't.

Keep right on reading. In "Her's to Hold," we wished to hell Deanna Durbin had won Joe Cotten's heart right off the bat, and then had something happen, instead of nothing happening for an hour and 20 minutes and then getting him. After this let's get the thing over with so our backs won't get tired.

And a few more things: We're getting tired, after all these years, of Eddie Cantor's jokes about having daughters instead of sons; and



PAULETTE GODDARD

we wish they'd quit publicizing Sinatra as "Sweet Singer Sinatra." In fact, we wish they'd quit publicizing him. If he can sing let him. We can always turn the dial to Crosby.

WHO'S WHO IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

by L. B. ICELY, President

★

Sports are "king" in training for war . . . in keeping production high on the industrial front . . . in providing healthful recreation for you men at sea or behind the battle lines.

Sports reports are beamed around the world to you American fans in service everywhere, eager for latest news on the "Who's Who" of the sports world.

★ ★ ★

At home in the U. S. A., a feature of the 1943 baseball season was the extent to which practically all training camps and schools of the Army, Navy, Marines, Air Corps, Coast Guard and other services were represented in interesting inter-service games and in contests with schools, colleges, professional and industrial teams.

★ ★ ★

The public now knows that athletic facilities designed for peace have proved a most valuable asset in preparing for war. High officials now appeal to schools and colleges to keep sports going at top pitch. Athletic equipment has become almost as important as tanks, planes and guns in plans for smashing the enemy.

. . . and no one knows better than you men in the service "Who's Who" in sports equipment today! In training camps all over the United States and in battle zones abroad, you have had a chance to compare Wilson sports equipment with other brands. Intensive use in this competitive proving ground brings quality to the top.

★ ★ ★

We don't have to tell you how Wilson equipment stands the gaff and gives you the best game . . . for you've shown that you know by your demand for Wilson Sporting Goods at your PX's everywhere. You know that the Wilson trade-mark means you're going to get the best.

★ ★ ★

You'll want the best again . . . in equipment for baseball, football, tennis, golf, softball, badminton and other favorite sports . . . when you set out to keep in good physical trim at home after the war. Your "PX" then will be your Wilson dealer's store where you'll find the same reliable quality that won you to Wilson's for sports in the service. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York, and other leading cities.



IT'S **Wilson** TODAY
IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

Dolores Moran

Our Pin Up Girl for This Month Is Lovely (See for Yourself) Blonde Dolores Moran. The Fast-Rising Star Can Be Located at the Studios of Warner Brothers.

Baby Ruth

FINDS ITS WAY
EVERYWHERE



By rail and ship... mule pack... dog sled... Baby Ruth finds its way to our fighting boys in every land and clime.

Anywhere in the world, an American in uniform craves Baby Ruth... for its swell taste... refreshment... rich-in-dextrose food-energy.

Our big food plants are humming to capacity to see that YOUR Baby Ruth is at your PX, Canteen or Ship Service Store when you want it.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois
Producers of Fine Foods

COLGATE CLOSE-UPS



THE GUYS IN THE SCRAMBLED EGGS LOOKED LIKE **YEGGS!**

SO I TOLD 'EM,
"NO MORE BUM SHAVES—USE
COLGATE BRUSHLESS IT'S
ONE "NO-BRUSH" CREAM
THAT'LL REALLY TAME TOUGH
WHISKERS" SO NOW THE
SCRAMBLED EGGS ARE
SUNNYSIDE UP!

GET



IN TUBE OR JAR
at your P. X. or SHIP'S SERVICE STORE

WACKY ABOUT **WACS!**

HER BROTHER TOLD ME ABOUT
COLGATE BRUSHLESS...
THAT IT STAYS MOIST.
KEEPS YOUR WIRY
WHISKERS SOFT TIL
YOU'RE SHAVED!
NOW MY CHEEK'S SMOOTH
AS HERS...

AN' GEE, I
LOVE MY G.I.
DOVE!



I WAS A **Walkie-Squawkie**

MY FACE WAS SO SORE FROM
RAZOR NICKS I WAS
SNAPPING AT COLONELS...
'TIL I DISCOVERED
COLGATE BRUSHLESS
COULD SHAVE ME FAST AND
CLOSE WITHOUT SNAGGING
NOW I'VE GOT THAT
"VOICE WITH A SMILE!"



Question Box

Q. Why is the Marine field scarf worn on the outside of their shirt in contrast to the Army's style of tucking it in?

A. There is no specific word for this in the Uniform Regulations of 1929 which was the order abolishing the high, standing collars for service uniforms. The illustration shows the field scarf being out and it is assumed that no mention was made because that is the natural way to wear a necktie. The regulations say that "the scarf shall be of cotton for wear with either the cotton or flannel shirts" and that "it shall be tied in a fore-in-hand knot."

Q. Is it possible to get a duplicate discharge certificate? How about corrections on the original certificate?

A. Duplicates are not issued. If you do lose your original discharge certificate consideration will be given your request for a certificate in lieu of the original. In reply to your request you will be furnished an application which requires a notary seal, and your fingerprint impression. Or you will be furnished a statement of your services. But your original certificate cannot be replaced by a duplicate.

Occasionally complete information of a man's service is not at hand when men are discharged, especially by reason of medical survey. In such cases the man should notify Headquarters of the omission. A statement of his service will be sent him so that he may compare the information with entries on his certificate. If there is a difference in information, he may then send his certificate to Headquarters for the necessary corrections.

Q. During parades, does a man in rank render the right hand salute when "present arms" is given if he is unarmed?

A. "In all descriptions of ceremonies in the Regulations it is assumed that the troops are armed with their organic weapons. If a Marine Detachment is to practice parades, reviews and formal guard mounts without arms, a 'ground rule' seems justified. A suggested 'ground rule' would be that on the command 'Present Arms' only those men acting as company commanders, platoon leaders and staff noncommissioned officer; i. e., those normally wearing sidearms, will execute the right hand salute. The men in ranks should remain at attention."—Headquarters, Marine Corps.

Q. When were chevrons first introduced?

A. Chevrons, as we know them today, were introduced in 1836. Prior to that time a strip of worsted above the elbow signified a sergeant, one below the elbow a corporal, and a strip near the cuff, a private first class, or lance corporal as PFC's were known until 1915.

Q. Does a man serving in China during August, 1938, rate the China Service Medal?

A. Yes. All men who served in China from 7 July, 1937, to 7 September, 1939, or on board the vessels of the Navy listed in Navy Department General Order No. 135, dated 23 August, 1940, are entitled to the China Service Medal.

Q. Who was the first commandant of the Marine Corps, Nicholas or Burrows?

A. William Ward Burrows is known as the first Commandant of the Marine Corps. Captain Samuel Nicholas is said to have the oldest commission of the Marines and is called Senior Officer of the Marines of the Revolution.

ADVISE THE LEATHERNECK
OF YOUR CHANGE OF ADDRESS



The Better the Match The Better the Light

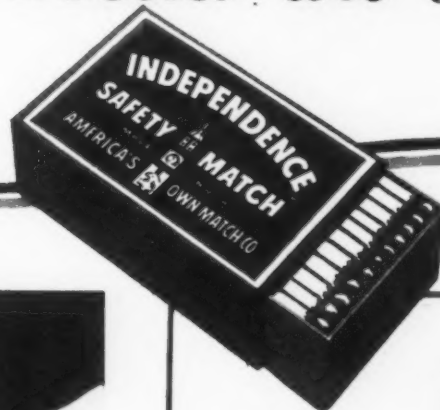


Photo by Acme

Home from a Mission!

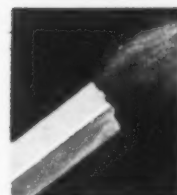
AND OUT COMES the ever-satisfying, nerve-quieting cigarette...and, of course, a match. From the quantities of INDEPENDENCE Safety Matches bought by the services and "packed for export," we like to feel that the match used in this typical scene came from the well-known red, white and blue box showing a reproduction of Independence Hall.

INDEPENDENCE is made for the services. It's a good match

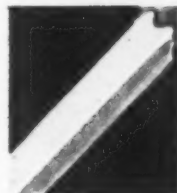
and well-protected against moisture penetration. The striking surface is durable. The flame full and long-lasting.

When next in the market for matches, consider these INDEPENDENCE features. Once servicemen learn how well this match keeps, lights and burns, they will prefer it. You maintain the stocks well ahead of demand and we will do our best back home in the factory to keep you supplied.

1. The head is hard, accurately shaped, uniform. In full flame in one second. Doesn't chip or crush when struck.



2. The stick is square, which means fire rapidly feeds into a strong, effective flame. Sturdy—made of clean hardwood.



3. The head is out before the fire reaches the end of the stick. That tells you there will be no dangerous afterglow.



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WE the Marines

Stray Scribes

A MARINE CORPS Correspondent without a typewriter is about as handicapped as a tobacco auctioneer with lockjaw. Herein is the yarn of a couple of such characters sweating out their destiny.

The gentlemen depicted in this experience are not fictitious, and any similarity between them and other correspondents is not coincidental, because their tortures have been similar.

"When it was known that our outfit was ready to make the South Pacific jaunt, my colleague, Staff Sergeant Solomon I. Blechman, and I, first figured to send the typewriters as part of the crated gear. Fearing they might get lost and no production be forthcoming, we decided to carry them. No work and Washington would have me back with a bare left sleeve. Even if I came back with just one stripe, my spouse wouldn't stop with the kitchen stove when she started heaving things.

"With a 60-pound pack on our backs, rifles, ammunition, a map case filled with paper, plus the 29-pound typewriters, we staggered a mile to the train.

"I am convinced if the gang hadn't given us a hand, we'd still be at the station. When the train stopped, their help was all that got us from the prone position. Once up it was still a mile to the ship! When we reached it, my dogs were so flattened they no longer cast a shadow. Then, up the gangway, up ladders, across decks and finally, down the hatch. When at last I reached my bunk, I collapsed—typewriter, pack and all.

"On disembarkation day—gear overside, I descended. Hardly had I touched the boat when my ears picked up a whistling; a rifle crashed about five inches from my head. Looking up I saw my colleague hanging on the net, half way down. His rifle strap had broken. He was grinning, wondering whether to go back up or come on down. My strong language assured him, and down he came.

"Ashore, we faced a four-mile hike, blazing sun overhead, and not a jeep or truck to carry our 'freight'. A helpful soul offered to carry the typewriter. A minute later he was back, remarking, as he shoved the machine into my weary hands, 'Sorry, Mac, it's not my fault that you're a Correspondent.'

"Hours later we got to the camp, frazzled. Then some funny guy had to tell us to start digging foxholes right away."

—By SSgt. Earle W. Johnson
Combat Correspondent.

Los Angeles Liberty

THE scene is the railroad station at "Dago" any week-end. The end of the line is Los Angeles. In between are 100 odd miles, at least four hours time, umpteen scimmages, seat scrambles and frayed tempers.

Reverse the scene and make it Sunday night. Everything is the same except that it is worse. Now the gyrenes want to get back to the post before Monday reveille. If anything gets in the way it's too bad.

Yep, travel between L. A. and Dago is tough these days and guys get on the books as AOL. "How come?" asked the editor of "The Chevron".

So he summons a reporter and says, "Hop up to L. A. this week-end and find out what gives with the railroad."

The reporter, always quick with a buck when it's on the house, hopped the first rattler out come Saturday and promptly eased into position for some shut eye. A couple of hours later, one eye half opened revealed someone in the seat beside him. The wide eyed double take that followed revealed an armful that he would have been delighted to hold. And never one to let slide an opportunity he opened with a time-tried question.

"What time is it, please?"

No dice.

Nonplussed, but only for the nonce, he tried again. This time it was a quickie on the flank. He queried, sweetly:

"I beg your pardon, but have you the time?"

Still no soap.



What gives with this babe? What am I, a Jap? Mebbe she's deaf. Slightly taken aback, but still in there pitching, he tried the third time.

The babe turned. There was summer in her form, but winter in her voice.

She wasn't interested in telling a mere PFC the time; wasn't interested in dining, despite the fact that she was hungry; she didn't care to go out with him, although she would enjoy doing the town. In plain words, she wanted no part of it. Period.

Her final crack was that any jerk who couldn't save enough of his scratch to buy a time-piece was not her speed. Period and ouch!

Bruised and wounded from this encounter the week-end was a flop. The ride back offered little more except that it seemed to take longer.

Back at the office Monday the editor was eager for hearing the low-down on the travel situation twixt here and there.

"How long did it take ya to get to L. A.?"

"I don't know the babe didn't tell me . . . I mean . . . uh . . ."

"What? How long did it take ya to return?"

"Now there's a coincidence. I met another babe on the bus coming back . . ."

"Trains, babes, buses, babes . . . What is this? I'll write the damned thing myself."

"P. S. Travel is bad—anywhere."

[Editor's Note: With due apologies to PFC James F. Rowe and the West Coast "Chevron".]



Marine Air Chief

BRIGADIER GENERAL LOUIS E. WOODS believes in "hitting 'em from the air" with both pilots and air-borne foot soldiers doing the hitting.

"The Marines are traditionally the first to fight," says the brown-eyed, pleasant, 48-year-old Leatherneck air chief, who speaks with the experience of South Pacific action and 20 years of flying. "To be the first to fight these days you've got to have a force that is air-trained and air-borne."

The last is the clue. General Woods believes not only in air attack, as such, but also in the strategy of sending in shock troops by air—of using air-borne Marines to help in establishing the beach-heads.

General Woods succeeded his chief to the post of Marine Aviation director, when Major General Roy Geiger went on duty as commanding general of the First Marine Amphibious Corps. The job is a big one involving direction of a mushrooming activity which, under present plans, ultimately will muster one out of every three Marines.

Warmly human and democratic, the new air chief always has been popular among his men, and the admiration has been reciprocated. General Woods is openly proud of the record of his men. During the period in which he was in command of all American air units, 22 Jap surface craft were sunk and 65 planes destroyed, as well as additional craft damaged and probably lost, in the brief period from November 7 to December 27, 1942.

Characteristically, in talking of those days, the General urged that the credit go to his men—and all of the men rather than just the flyers. "We had cooks loading the bombs in the pinches," he explained, "and any of the flyers will tell you that every man in those ground crews deserves at least a medal."

General Woods has been attached to Marine Aviation since shortly after the last war, in which he served aboard the U. S. S. Georgia and the U. S. S. Pittsburgh, following his being commissioned as a second lieutenant in 1917. Even then he wanted aviation but his requests for transfer were ignored during the war.

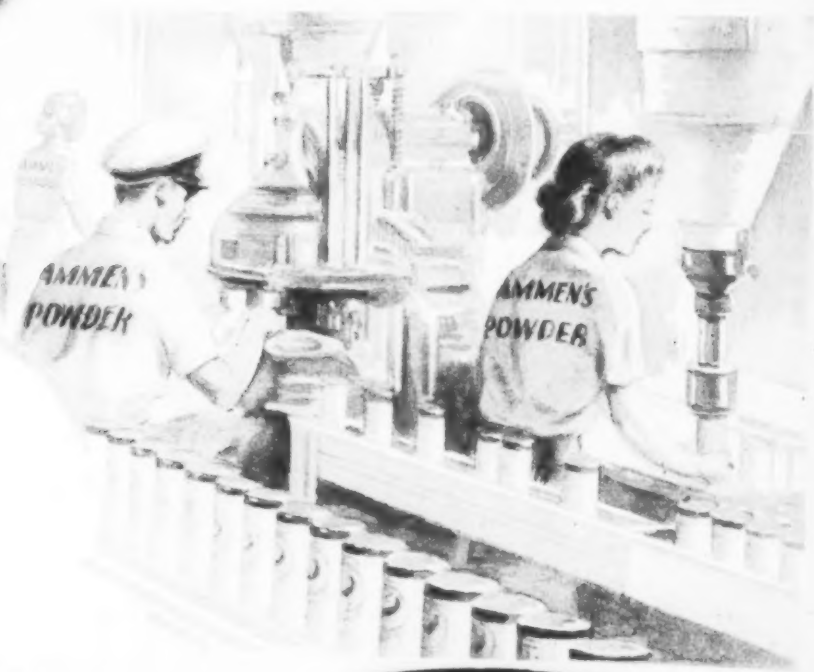
As a pilot General Woods served with the aviation squadron of the First Marine Brigade in Haiti, then as instructor at Quantico, in Headquarters at Washington, and as Chief of Staff of a Marine aircraft wing, which took him to the South Pacific. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for his South Pacific command "for distinguished and exceptionally meritorious service (while) continually exposed to terrific fire from enemy ships and shore batteries, as well as enemy bombing and strafing attacks."

He also holds the Presidential Citation Ribbon with a blue star, the Expeditionary for service in Haiti in 1924 and 1925, the Victory Medal with the Atlantic Clasp, and the Haitian Order of Honor and Merit with the rank of Chevalier.

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and all of us who help produce Ammen's Powder . . . from the boss to the boy who stencils the shipping labels . . . are determined not to let you down!

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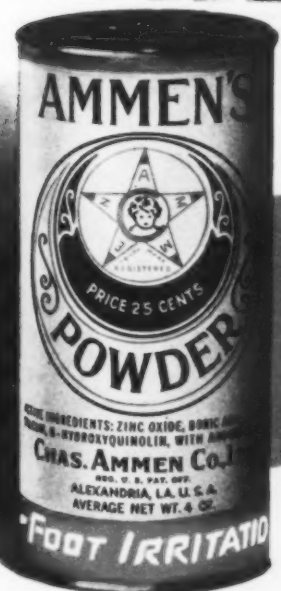
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At this time Old Gold was telling smokers about the addition of Latakia, a fine imported tobacco with a rich flavor. The improved taste won many new friends.



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This was sprayed on the tobaccos to help retain moisture. It was developed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. We called it *Apple "Honey."* This, too, won friends.

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Today—Over a million more friends than it had 3 years ago!

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WE—the Marines (continued)

SOUTH PACIFIC

Never let it be said a Marine ever lacks for an original idea or that one Gyrene can outsmart another when the chips are down.

For sometime it has been the practice for pilots to decorate the sides of their planes with Jap flags and insignia after they had knocked off a Nip. Marine Gunner Broney A. Ciesluc of Norwich, Conn., was behind the wheel of a jeep at an island base not long ago when his vehicle knocked off a couple of wild pigs that got in the way.

Pronto, an idea popped into the Gunny's head. It came just like that. Back to the police shed wheeled the Gunny. Out came a bucket of paint. Out came a brush. A little daub here, a little more there. A gentle curve here and another there.

Presto, he had two pigs nicely painted on the side of the jeep. His skipper's plane bore Jap flags, his jeep now had two pigs!

NORTH ATLANTIC

Blowing a bugle on the edge of the Arctic Circle has its occupational hazards, it was discovered by Field Music, First Class, Edward L. Underwood.

"Music" Underwood once put his lips to his bugle to blow a call and then discovered they were frozen to the "horn" when he tried to remove them. Now he keeps the mouthpiece in his pocket—for the warmth.

Caught asleep once during a visit by the Luftwaffe, he was ordered by telephone to sound the air raid warning. He dashed out into the chill night garbed in little more than shoes and scivvie shirt. "Gosh," he recalled, "it was so cold, my notes froze in the night air before I finished."

LONDONDERRY, NO. IRELAND

Allied military men have a way of cooperating with each other when it comes to saving one another's lives, it was revealed in Londonderry, Northern Ireland, not long ago.

Fire broke out in a London building while PFC Alfred Landau was on leave. Like any other person, he stopped to see the blaze, discovered a 200-pound Norwegian paratrooper was trapped on the top floor. Working his way up through an adjacent building, Landau reached a floor 20 feet below the trooper and called to him to jump.

Landau braced himself, broke the man's leap and then applied a tourniquet to the victim's arms where they had been slashed. Shortly after he returned to his base. Despite the fact that he did a heroic piece of work, PFC Landau's chief concern now is that no move will be launched to commend his bravery.

VIRGIN ISLANDS

In a week of maneuvers held here recently, three platoons engaged in combat problems for four days on St. Thomas' Island. There followed an embarkation for St. John's Island where a beachhead was established. Following this, the precipitous Bordeaux Mountain was climbed, and the march to Coral Bay completed. The return to the beachhead next day saw a night problem of scouting and patrolling complete the seven-day test, which had the extra excitement of simulated aerial strafing and bombing.



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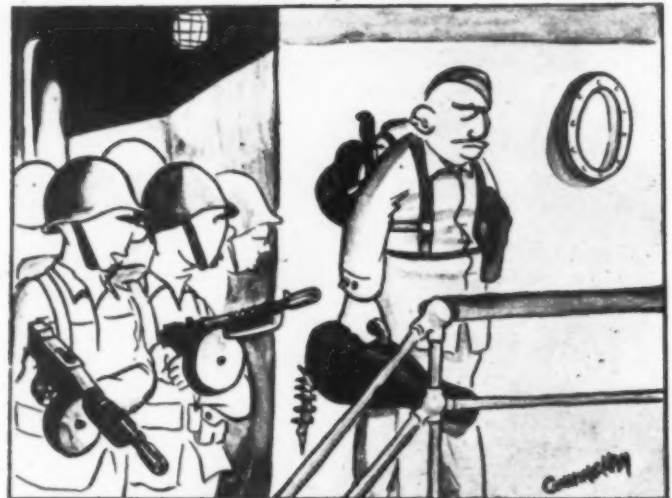
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by Sheridan



"Have Any Trouble?"



"He insists on carrying it that way, effective in the old days!"

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3. Swan's swell for laundry—cleans like sixty. And it's firm. Lasts and lasts.
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FLOATING SOAP

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"How th' Hell Did
You Get The Word?"



MARINE, meet . . .

Callie Goode

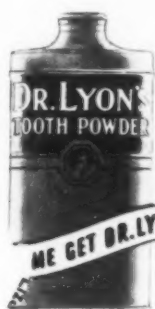
Her breezy beauty brightens many a magazine cover. She says: "What does a model think about when she smiles for the camera-man? Her teeth . . . she knows they must really glisten. And she knows what makes them glisten. Dr. Lyon's!"

Because there is nothing else that cleans
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The records are in. It's the same old story with *just one exception* . . .
the favorite tooth powder—Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder—has become more
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Year after year it's *Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder* that leads the whole
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is *absolutely* nothing you can buy which cleans
your teeth more quickly, more thoroughly and more
pleasantly than Dr. Lyon's.

Get Dr. Lyon's *today*. Use it. See how it works
to reveal the natural brightness of your teeth. And
you'll like the way its delightful flavor leaves your
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DR. LYON'S Tooth Powder



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UNRULY HAIR kept in place with Moroline Hair Tonic. Gives that well groomed look under the toughest circumstances. Pleasantly scented, appealing to men—and women, too. Demand Moroline Hair Tonic.

COME CLEAN for inspection. Don't get dressed down for not being spruced up. Get Mufti, the multi-use spot remover—use it for removing many spots from uniforms, hats, caps, ties, and other articles of many kinds of materials. Economical. Easy to use, keep a bottle handy. Always ask for Mufti.

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Mothersill's

WE—the Marines (continued)

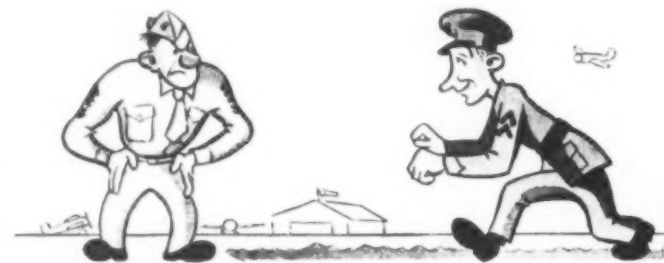
CHERRY POINT, N. C.

Attached to Squadron 44, Corporal George "Indian Joe" Clapp was attacked here recently by a fish hawk with a wing spread of more than five feet, tip to tip, with claws exceeding an inch and a half long. The hawk attacked the wrong Gyrene, Joe being one of the best, if not the best knife thrower on this base.

As the hawk came at him, Clapp hurled his knife, which went into the bird's throat, killing it instantly. An expert, Clapp can, among other stunts, consistently heave a knife into a twenty-five cent piece at 30 feet.

When this base was new and landscaping was changing the bareness to beauty, freshly seeded areas struggled to contrast grassy verdure with blue sky.

A newly arrived and curious corporal, nosing about to see the post, inadvertently trod on the hallowed "lawns". An indignant "top" spotted this desecration and made a moving vitriolic speech of some 30 minutes duration indicating what he thought of the corporal before his blood pressure allowed him to pass on.



A few hours later the same "top", passing back over the route saw the recent culprit methodically pacing the "lawned" area, hands outstretched, as if pushing a mower. It didn't make sense and the "top" rightfully demanded to know "what the hell was going on now."

"Cutting the grass," came the answer.

"Look, you, if you're cutting the grass, where's your lawn mower?"

Triumphantly, the corporal came back with . . . "Where's the damn grass?"

PARRIS ISLAND

When Herbert Freeman, who recently took his training here, peeks inside the bore of his M1 he is looking at an old familiar sight. Pvt. Freeman was a barrel-rifler for two years at the Springfield, Mass., Armory, where the M1 is produced. His job involved the delicate chore of cutting those four lands and grooves inside the bore.

A DI here reports that a recruit recently defined the muzzle velocity of his M1 as: "Sir the muzzle velocity of this rifle is 27,000 pounds per square inch . . . no . . . I mean it's 2700 miles per square second."



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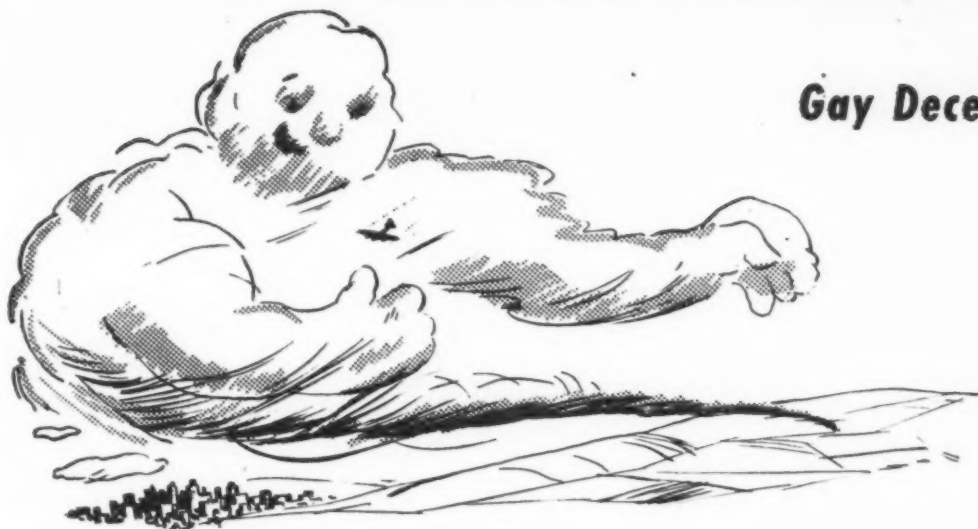
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★ THE MEN IN THE SERVICES ★



Gay Deceiver

That's the role smoke is playing in the war theater these days. And since it means deceiving a squadron of attacking bombers, it's a pretty important role.

For, with a newly developed smoke-screen generator in operation, enemy bombardiers find the unwelcome sign out—an unwelcome sign that is truly baffling.

Here's how it works: By utilizing liquid materials more efficiently, it produces dense clouds that resemble natural clouds and fog. Now entire industrial cities—even an area as great as the Panama Canal—can be screened from view in just a few minutes. The Army sought the aid of Dr. Irving Langmuir and Vincent Schaefer of the G-E Research Laboratory. They evolved a new operating principle which was applied by the Standard Oil Development Company in the construction of the generator.

Measuring Color

The accent is still on deception. This time, it's the enemy observers using infrared cameras that photograph colors not visible to the human eye. This means that many of the camouflage tricks that would fool enemy observers won't fool their camera.

But now with the G-E spectrophotometer, an electronic device that measures color, the artist can tell in advance what the infrared camera would show if directed at his camouflage job, and can then proceed to touch it up accordingly.



If you are a G-E man and would like the address of an old G-E buddy now in the service, we might be able to get it for you. And if you aren't receiving your copies of the WORKS NEWS or G-E MONOGRAM, let us know. Write to G.E. Dept. 6-318, Schenectady, N. Y.

★

192,000 employees of the General Electric Company are on their jobs producing war goods and buying over a million dollars of War Bonds every week to hasten victory.

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Not as Easy as Magic . . .

. . . but you can depend on our having more tricks like these up our sleeves. We only hope that they can help make your task a little easier—and a little shorter. Most of our new developments we're not talking about, for your sake. 'Nuff said?



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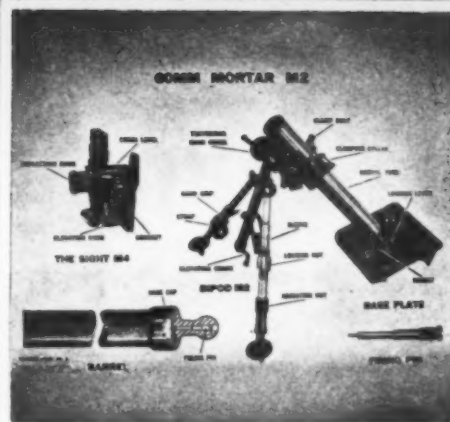
Hear the G-E radio programs: "The G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC — "The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

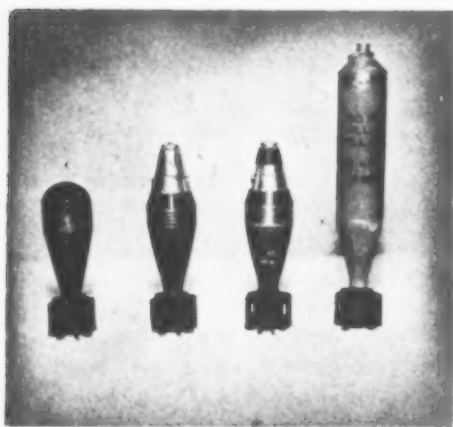
★ YOUR FIELD LESSON ★

How to fire the mortar

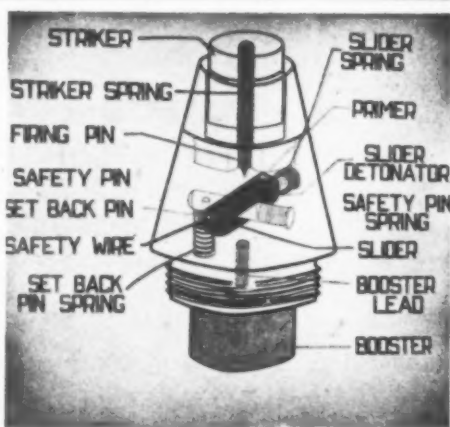
UNEXCELLED for combined mobility and fire power among the infantry supporting weapons is the 60 mm mortar, model M-2, used by squads of a rifle company for concealed, high-angle fire at the enemy, principally at personnel and light material. Under battle conditions, the weapon fires a high explosive shell, weighing about three pounds, which is equipped with a M-52 fuze and bursting charge of TNT. These pictures show some of the characteristic parts of the mortar, how it is assembled, sighted, cleaned, cared for and fired by a two-man team simulating combat conditions.



A barrel, base plate, bipod and sights are fundamental parts of 60 mm mortar.



Types of shells used include training, practice, explosive, and illuminating.



Fuze operates as striker is depressed, activating firing pin and a detonator.



Direction of target is marked by sight stake if mortar is fired from defilade.



Compass azimuth sight method is needed if target is aligned around obstacles.



At night sighting is done with aid of a light shining from can replacing stake.



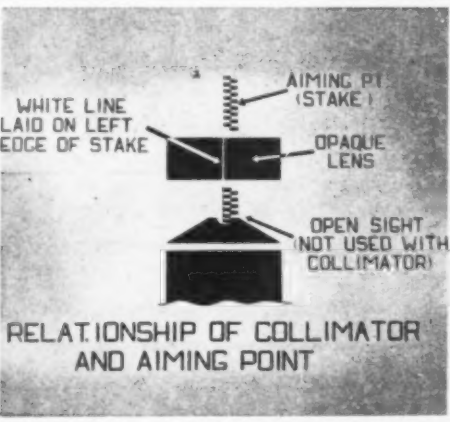
Stake may be lined up from rear if the earth is nearly flat in front of piece.



Ready to fire, mortar is uncovered and sights mounted on left side of barrel.



Gunner sights roughly on stake while a helper prepares amm.



Stake is lined up through sight in the manner pictured. Collimator is at top.



Using chart, gunner sets sight to meet firing order; No. 2 man charges shell.



Safety wire is pulled from shell while gunner checks mortar to make it level.



Sight removed, the mortar is loaded at command of "fire." Hands steady bipod.



Men bow heads for protection from fire blasts. Sight stays on after 3 rounds.



Mortar crew here fires through a stake alignment while scout observes firing.

SEARCHING FIRE

GUNNER RECEIVES
FIRE ORDER
SUBTRACTS ELEV.
OF LIMITING RANGES
500 69° 4' DEG.
575 65° 4' DEG.
DIFFERENCE 4 DEG.

GUNNER TAKES NUMBER OF
TURNS OF ELEVATION CRANK
BETWEEN ROUNDS
EQUAL TO DIFFERENCE
IN DEGREES

FIRE ORDER
SEARCH 500-575.
3 ROUNDS

How to fire for depth. Lower barrel of mortar between rounds to extend range.

NORMAL TRAVERSING FIRE

OBSERVER MEASURES WIDTH OF
TARGET IN MILS AND THEN
DIVIDES BY 50
 $\frac{1}{50} = 3$ TURNS
FIRE ORDER
TRAVERSE RIGHT (LEFT) 3 TURNS
5 ROUNDS

Three shots in lateral line will cover hilltop pictured under "traverse fire".



"Mistired" shells must be removed with care by sliding shell down the barrel.



Dud is inspected and a safety wire put back on to preclude accidental firing.



After every 5 rounds the barrel should be swabbed; oftener if shells misfire.



One man operation of piece is possible without bipod; barrel is held by legs.



Firing angle is estimated by gunner as he inserts shell, awaits recoil shock.

It zooms off the dirt with
the greatest of ease
This elegant **lather** as soft
as a breeze
It **smooths** up your pan
for your sweetie to please—
Oh **LUX** is the soap that we mean!



Could be the boys get off the key now and then, but, oh, brother, are they in the groove when it comes to picking a soap! To tender hides and rough, tough pans, this stream-liner of soaps is as gentle as the top kick when he wants to borrow five. Whyn't you treat yourself to a good going-over with that rich ACTIVE lather? Then . . . see what we mean? Super-duper, that's the word. Lux Toilet Soap—at your P.X.



Lux Toilet Soap

WE—the Marines (continued)

Dental Grief



I WAS seated one day in the dentist chair. I was wary and ill at ease.

There I sat waiting for the ax to fall. A ring of blood-thirsty corpsmen formed around me, their fierce eyes glaring as though they'd like to pull out ALL of my teeth!

Alone and helpless I waited, as they closed in—armed with forceps, bicuspsids and other instruments of torture. I opened my mouth to scream when the dentist thrust his arm in, half-way to my "whatdoyoucallit".

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Glug," I replied, from behind his fist. "Write that down," he said to his Number One boy.

"My friend," he continued, "do you know there's a hole in your tooth big enough for a rabbit to hide in?"

I didn't know it. I hadn't had any hare in my teeth for a long time. He jammed his fist another foot into my sarcophagus and said:

"It will have to come out!"

I agreed with him. We'd both look mighty foolish if he left it there. He pulled his arm out of my mouth and washed it off—his arm, not my mouth.

Next he got out a cute set of tools that looked like a miniature hammer and chisel. The doctor placed the chisel-like object against my teeth, and I thought I would find out what it was for, but just as he said "Now" there was a sudden earthquake.

I spit out several large pieces of tooth, climbed back into the chair. He put the gadget back in my mouth, and, the same damn thing happened again.

"Tell me," I asked, picking myself up again, "how long did you work at Mount Rushmore; or is this a private project?"

"Quiet!" said a voice. So I was quiet.

Everybody seemed happy but me. The dentist sang a cute little song about Pepsodent and "brushing my toophies" while the corpsmen accompanied him on the novocaine.

"Steady, Sir, this can't last forever," I said to myself. (I always call myself 'sir'. It sounds so important.)

By this time the good doctor was tired of looking up into my tooth so he knocked a hole in the side of it and looked in that way, while his henchmen kept up the good work from below with a brace and bit.

After a few short millenniums he pulled violently at my poor grinder and held up a bloody splinter that once was one of my lovely ivories. "This was the whole trouble," he said, beaming at me. By that time I was ready to believe anything . . . even a dentist.

"Now remember," he added, "you've got to stay on a liquid diet for a while."

That was what I was waiting for. I took off at high port for the PX. Who's got the bottle opener? I want to eat my lunch! MORAL: For gosh sakes . . . BRUSH YOUR TEETH!!!



"It's the New G.I. Issue for the Devil Dogs"



The WOMEN Marines

Newest Marine Barracks in the national capital area is Henderson Hall, home for the gals who work at Headquarters. Located diagonally across the corner from Navy Annex Building in Arlington, Va., the buildings house 1600 women



Exterior view shows the barracks area



Cafeteria messhall has tables for four



Women Marines staff the galley



Others take a turn at swabbing



Discouraging is surely the word for it



Takes a lot of spuds to feed 1600 gals



★
Daughter and granddaughter of former commandants are new lieutenants in the women's reserve. At left is Eugenia Lejeune, daughter of the late Lt. Gen. John A. Lejeune. Right is Mary Cleland Fordney, granddaughter of Maj. Gen. Ben Hebard Fuller, daughter of Col. Chester L. Fordney, o-in-c, Central Procurement office
★



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Clean as a whistle, quick as
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For Wife, Sister or Mother, Sweetheart

An exquisitely dainty bracelet, solid sterling silver chain, with 24K gold plate Marine insignia mounted on pearl, complete, only \$5.00. Order No. 536M.

This Lovely Marine Insignia Pin
Accurately designed, beautifully finished, in 10K solid gold \$5.00; in gold filled, \$7.50. Order No. 531.

Prices include postage and 10% Federal Tax. Pictures in ad actual size. Please order by number. Satisfaction guaranteed.

HERFF-JONES-CHICAGO, Inc. • Mfg. Jewelers
Dept. L, 32 West Randolph St., Chicago 1, Ill.



Fliers at El Toro, Calif., "Adopt" Shirley Temple as Their Sister

WE—the Marines (continued)

NEW RIVER, N. C.

The use of 20 miles of waterways here as a substitute for automobile traffic has made an appreciable savings in the gasoline supply since last summer. Man hours have been saved and tons of cargo, including mail, have been cared for by the installation of a regular schedule for the arrival and departure of Coast Guard operated craft. Fast efficient service has been provided on this 200-square mile, all purpose training ground.

Sgt. John V. Gardner of "E" Co., Signal Battalion, here, is the inventor of a portable roll call roster board, complete with lights. It is the envy of the rest of the NCOs charged with calling out names during dark and dreary reveille formations. Born of necessity, the invention became urgent as the result of an incident. With the darkness and a lot of foreign names, one morning the Sergeant sneezed and three men answered, "Here!"

Sergeant Mikulski of the Sgt. Major's "Royal Guard" tells a tale of the PFC charged with taking the Signal Battalion's unfortunates to the brig. On his way to the bastille one morning with a prisoner, the fellow's hat blew off. Instinctively the prisoner started to recover same. "Hey, you," bel-lowed the PFC, "Where the hell do you think you're going? I'll get that hat."

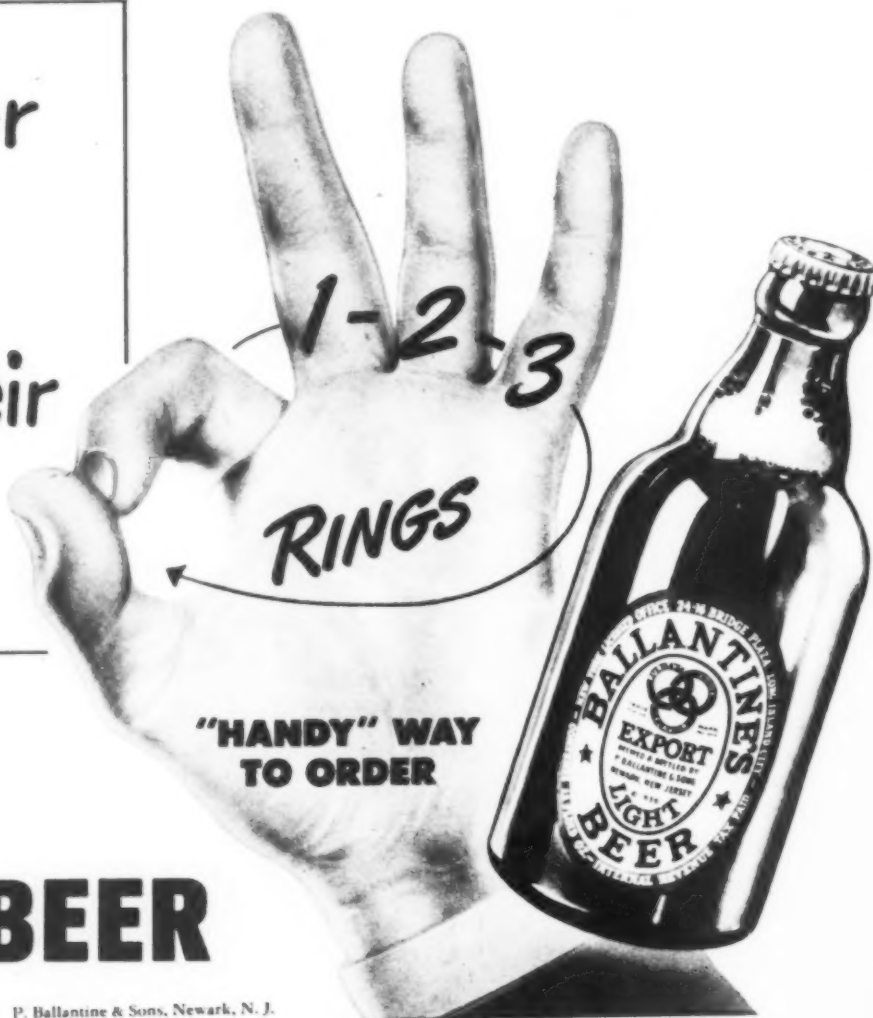
Sergeant Hartner of this post, a Brooklynite in heart and fact, related the following yarn after a recent "72" spent at the city of his choice. Approached by a small boy he was propositioned, "Hey, mister, yuh wanna see me brudder imitate a boid?" "Why I don't know," said Hartner, "How much is it?" "Fer fi' cents," said the kid, "he goes choip! choip!—but fer ten cents he'll swally a woin."

One of the restless lady Marines at this post startled the eyes of the beholders with some matching green shoes to go with the winter service greens. The femme columnist from the New River "Pioneer" commented acidly . . . "How about red gloves to complete the Christmas tree?"

Hands up all over
the U.S.A.
Millions order their
beer this way



BALLANTINE BEER



P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

CAMP PENDLETON

It seems that the old cliché about the hellishness of a scorned woman has been surpassed here when Tent Camp No. 1 was bounced out at 0245 on an unusually dark and dreary morning because the field music got fouled up with the time. Cooks and messmen, fearing they had overslept, clawed the sleep from their eyes, staggered out in various disarray and groped for the messhall, their mutterings leaving blue lights in the predawn darkness. Finally one PFC, an individualist, indignant at such an intrusion checked his watch. His wails were soon taken up by the area. Presently a sheepish field music, checking his own watch, fumbled with his bugle and apologized. "The jokes on me, fellas," he said. "Somebody musta monkeyed with my alarm clock." Only Marines can figure out the comments that followed this statement.

SAN DIEGO

Eighteen members of this post recently paid off an unusual debt—in blood.

In a group they went to the San Diego Red Cross Blood Bank and volunteered donations—in payment for the plasma which was administered to them several weeks ago at the Camp Lockett Hospital after they had been burned seriously when trapped by a forest fire.

The men were members of a Marine fire-fighting crew which battled a blaze 50 miles southeast of San Diego. The flames trapped the group, burning eight persons to death, and injuring seriously many others.

The injured were taken to nearby Camp Lockett Hospital where quantities of blood plasma were administered and which helped save their lives.

Sergeant Charles E. McKenna, former Detroit Free-Press, Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph and Washington, D. C., Star reporter, became the first Marine Corps Combat Correspondent to qualify for service with the Paramarines. Sergeant McKenna, a native of Charleroi, Pa., is a graduate of St. Vincent's College.



Navy Scout Planes of This Type Battle Subs on Coastal Patrol

**NOW I KNOW WHY
MARINES ^{GO}_{FOR} LIFEBOUOY**

**It is the favorite bath soap with
men in the Armed Services**

● On ship and shore, on land and sea, it's good tactics to use Lifebuoy! Its famous purifying lather stops "B.O."... makes a fellow extra clean... perks you up when you're hot, tired and sweaty! What's more, Lifebuoy lathers swell in cold, hard water. Helps remove germs, too. Ask for Lifebuoy—the largest-selling bath soap with the men in the Armed Services. Your PX or Ship Store has it.



**FROM HEAD TO TOE
IT STOPS "B.O."**

Gist

OF THE NEWS

WAR-BORN 1944 opens its eyes on big trouble for the Japs and Germans. The yellow claws clasp their Pacific loot are in an Allied vice. A Russian juggernaut crunches toward Berlin, spilling millions of tired Huns before it. In Washington, London, Moscow the battle to win the peace is under way.

The Allies are on the offensive everywhere. Except for minor setbacks they will stay on the offensive, and Gist predicts that:

The slinking Jap navy will be wiped out when it finally does come out of hiding.

With the outer rim of Jap defenses tumbling, United States forces will be in position for direct assault on major Jap bases.

Hitler will fall when his military decides it cannot win by continued fighting.

There will be a second front next Spring unless air power crumples German resistance.

Three-dimensional warfare swept against the eastern island shield of the Japs' stolen Pacific empire as 1943 waned. A new major drive that appeared to have citadel Truk as its primary objective was launched as Marines punched ahead on Bougainville, in the Solomons.

Drives on Bougainville and New Guinea converged on powerful Rabaul, less than 900 miles south of Truk. This twin offensive, in turn, teamed with that stabbing through the Gilberts in an over-all squeeze against Truk, stepping stone to Tokyo itself. In the strategy, when the main Jap fleet could be coaxed out to fight was the big question. Truk will be worth the risk when that Japanese Pearl Harbor is threatened.

Invasion of Makin and Tarawa, chief enemy base in the Gilberts, started the amphibious central Pacific drive to Tokyo. Assaults on other islands followed. In the path of American fighting men lay an unrevealed number of island forts in the Marshalls, Gilberts, Marianas and Carolines. These form the Jap shield, backboneed by formidable Ponape, Truk and Palau to the west.

Before these three fortresses can be eliminated, Rabaul on their southern flank must be liquidated. To that end Allied forces fought with slow success on Bougainville and New Guinea.

The central Pacific atolls, lifting their coral rings just above the sea, afford little protection for invaders and defenders alike. The decision must be quick, or losses heavy.

Cost of the war is running at the rate of \$90,000,000,000 a year.

Bougainville's spiny peaks towered before the transports. One of the toughest, most heroic battles of the war awaited 75 of those thousands of Marines aboard.

A preparation bombardment was to have eliminated 25 Jap pillboxes and a hidden 77 millimeter gun. As boats of the first wave neared shore at Cape Torokina three were hit and instead of a battalion only 75 men



LT. GEN. A. A. VANDEGRIFT

Recalled from the South Pacific, Lieutenant General A. A. Vandegrift succeeds Lieutenant General Thomas Holcomb as commandant of the Marine Corps, effective January 1, 1944.

General Vandegrift, conqueror of Guadalcanal, was in charge of Marine forces assaulting Bougainville. He was promoted to lieutenant general in July, 1943.

General Holcomb was appointed major general commandant in 1936, and in January, 1942, was promoted to lieutenant general, making him the highest ranking officer ever to command the Corps.

were landed. Most of them were headquarters company personnel, not assault troops.

As the men in their surprise stood uncertainly, a captain shouted:

"Get the hell in there and fight."

Through tall grass the Marines moved in, coolly, to face in hand-to-hand combat the 22 remaining pillboxes. Scared Nips fired wildly, screamed "Marines, withdraw" before they died. Less than half escaped to the hills.

Veteran fighters said this was the worst landing opposition in the Solomons campaign. A week later, when the Army landed reinforcements, not a soldier was lost. Now the beachhead resembles a Pacific coast logging camp under construction. New roads are spreading over the coastal bog.

Allied planes ranged over a wide area, pounding airfields, supply depots, shipping at Rabaul and on Bougainville. They set

Air power is soaring into its own as a super-factor in Allied successes on all fronts.

Observers who believe Germany can be knocked out of the war by "airmades" are growing in numbers. Huge fleets of bombers worked day and night on key German industrial cities that have been marked for destruction in a master plan.

In the United States plane production unbelievably hit the 100,000-a-year mark.

Pacific sky battles are giving American pilots a 7-to-1 victory edge over Japs, and the Navy is undertaking a huge training program preparatory to pulverizing the Rising Sun.



THE MAP points out the assaults directed toward Truk, one through Rabaul, one through the Gilbert Islands. Ultimate objective: Tokyo.





Twenty-six ships were sunk or damaged, 85 planes downed in this raid on Rabaul harbor.

up a continuous aerial blockade at Rabaul, sinking and damaging reinforcing task force vessels sent down from Truk.

Gallup poll shows 63 per cent of our citizens favor compulsory military service.

The specter of 1918 haunted Germany. Powered by fury, Red troops ground the oppressive Wehrmacht back against Poland and Rumania. The 1400-mile front whipped westward, curling about German points of resistance, threatening to encircle big segments of evasive Nazis. As the Soviets advanced they found smoldering cities, half depopulated. The Germans were taking hosts of civilians with them.

In festive Moscow, Stalin promised a second front soon, a not-far-off victory. Diplomatic sources said "responsible Germans" secretly put out armistice feelers. But in a Munich beer hall tirade, Hitler promised, too, that there would be no quitting.

Military men in the United States levelheadedly stuck to next summer as the time for German defeat. Spring was the more popular guess generally, with the collapse expected to take place internally. In Germany people shivered in their windowless homes; completely bombed-out city folk quarreled with farmers they were assigned to; there was lack of food and clothing as production deteriorated; the manpower shortage was acute; tales of horror spread. Swiss observers said conditions are worse than in 1918.

Moscow announced the Germans had lost 2,700,000 killed, wounded and captured in the four-month Ukrainian offensive.

Perhaps for the psychological effect it will have, London has let it be known that

American troops in England are training in landing tactics so revolutionary they have no precedent in history. An invasion of Europe would be a tremendous undertaking. In the Sicilian operation 4000 ships were used—a small number compared to what will be needed against gathering German forces in the west.

Nazi U-boats have been defeated, permitting comparatively unmolested building of armies and supplies in bristling England. In three months Germany lost 60 subs, more than the number of Allied ships sunk by them.

THE BALKANS seethed, appeared ripe for invasion. Guerrilla war, raging in Yugoslavia, Greece, Italy and France, grew to impressive proportions. Turkey was reported ready to side with the Allies, perhaps join up at the right moment for a drive up the Balkans and the Danube. Russia is closing in on Rumania. Montgomery and Clark are climbing up the Italian boot. Drug Tito's Partisans hold much of the eastern Adriatic coast. The Allied air arm tore at shaky German communications. The Germans faced two alternatives; either to get out or be cooped up.

The experts predict that Finland, with its "sit-down" war; Rumania, which is



Through dawn's half light Marines move toward Bougainville for beachhead assault on Japanese-held Empress Augusta bay.

withdrawing troops from the Russ front; Bulgaria and Hungary will soon be out of the war.

POLITICS IN ITALY became an Allied concern. The king is in the bad graces of liberty-loving political leaders who want either a republic or regency. It appeared the king must go. He didn't want to.

On the muddy front below Rome Germans used Italians to build fortifications at pistol point. Unable to stem the creep-



Face on the Barroom Floor.

ing Allied tide they planned a desperate defense of Rome.

THE COLONIAL FRENCH Committee of National Liberation acted like a dictator, refused small, mandated Lebanon its promised independence. The Arab world bristled. Rioting broke out and after a warning from the United States and Britain the committee reconsidered, promised "renegotiation".

Civilian war dead is estimated at 22,000,000. Bombs in Germany are adding to this.

The historic Moscow conference between Hull, Eden and Molotov afforded a preview of tomorrow's world. To the American citizen the most interesting fact is that the Congress has pledged them a part in it.

Much of what took place is still obscure. China was represented by Ambassador Foo Ting-sheun in the signing of the declarations, one of which significantly provides for concerted action by the four powers in "matters relating to the surrender and disarmament" of their common enemies. Japan could hardly have missed this.

Foundation was laid for a second League of Nations, its membership open to all peace-loving nations. Reestablishment of Austrian independence was assured, indicating Russia no longer opposes schemes like the much-discussed eastern Danubian federation. The conference appeared to lessen the chance of a widespread revolution in Europe.

From Stockholm comes the story of Hitler's personal maneuvers. In nine months he had to move his headquarters seven times to keep at a safe distance behind the last line of German defenses.

The exact location is a secret that even most of the men in his bodyguard do not know. The place, usually in a forest region, is so well camouflaged that Russian aircraft has flown over frequently without spotting it.

Everyone Hitler receives, no matter who, must check all weapons before entering. Adolf is nervous.



The \$64 Question

Would a League Work Again?

Yes. For two good reasons. The United States is giving every indication the Wilson defeat will not be repeated, that Congress will stand behind United States collaboration when the time comes.

Russia will have a lot more to say. The Reds were one of the foremost proponents of collective security, but were not in the strong position they will be this time.



PUZZLE!

Find the Boot who didn't
use his **QUINTONE**

Why catch a hitch on the
onion-peeling detail when
QUINTONE would quickly
give those dogs a dazzling
high polish that defies water
and lasts like armor plate?

Made in U.S.A. and avail-
able in dark brown or cor-
dovan at Post Exchanges.

PACKED EXPRESSLY FOR
U. S. MARINES



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BOOT POLISH

LONGER LASTING LUSTER

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E. Newberry Co., Inc., 753 Union St., San Diego, Cal.

WE—the Marines (continued)

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

A demonstration of courage that did not need a battle to assert itself was given here on a recent Sunday afternoon.

A student pilot brought in a torpedo bomber in which he had been making a training flight. In the big plane's bomb bay was a loose live 500-pound bomb which by some miracle had not exploded. Lieut. Comdr. Thomas W. McKnight, squadron operations officer, immediately ordered the area cleared, climbed into the cockpit.

Heading out over the ocean he made ready to open the bomb bay doors, only to have a fin catch on the edges. He could abandon the plane or take a chance with the lethal load. With a sharp snap, he rocked the plane from side to side. The bomb began to move, broke free and plummeted to the sea.

Seconds passed and then came the explosion. The Commander headed his plane back to the field, the craft undamaged and numerous lives saved.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Attracting considerable attention here, the obstacle course, designed and constructed by officers and enlisted men of this post, is regarded as complete a test as can be found anywhere. Three hundred yards in length, with practically every conceivable obstacle met in combat, it is a tough course. Situated on the side of a hill in dense brush and trees very much like that found in the South Sea jungles, the course is dynamite from the start.

Eight board walls, tallest being more than eight feet, confront the runner right off the bat. Next comes a buried long tunnel just wide and high enough for a pack and M1, and a man. From this tunnel to a series of bars which must be negotiated hand over hand, is just a step.

Next comes a high landing net strung between trees, with a steep uphill board slide just beyond. From here around a narrow jungle trail the course leads to a catwalk six inches wide over a 20-foot drop. It's all over but the shouting if the Marine can get this far. A long steep slide brings him to the end of the course and time for a long breath.



"Hold It!! That Damn Thing Is Labelled 'Hollywood.'"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ PARTING SHOT FOR THE MONTH

The Cherry Point News gives out with a report about a gyrene who was being interviewed by a Classification Officer. "Do you think," asked the officer, "that you know enough math to qualify for the aerography course?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "I don't know math from a hole in the ground."



Out There ZIPPO is a FRIEND IN DEED

The boys fighting in the tropics know that the ever reliable ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER means more than a sure light for pipe or lag.

Mid winds that blow and blow, and rains that never seem to cease, the windproof, waterproof ZIPPO comes in mighty useful, for lighting lanterns, fires, or as a "guiding light" in inky darkness.

Keep your ZIPPO in perfect order. Buy only ZIPPO Hard Flints (4 for 10¢)—they give a big spark, last longer, fit better . . . and ZIPPO Long Lasting FLUID—it goes farther and burns clean. The "asbestosized" wick should last a lifetime.




*ZIPPO
Windproof
LIGHTER

ZIPPO MFG. CO.
Dept. L, Bradford, Pa.

*Sorry we can't take your order, output taken over by the government for armed forces outside continental U. S. and on high seas.



ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER




**MARINE AIRCREW
MEMBER WING**

Newly authorized under regulations similar to Navy Aircrew Member Insignia.

"VIKING" quality: Sterling Silver, gold filled trimmed. Each Badge packed with printed regulations governing its use. Available only in Post Exchanges and Ship's Service Stores — for lasting insignia satisfaction demand "VIKING" quality.

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Manufacturers to the trade of insignia at its best.

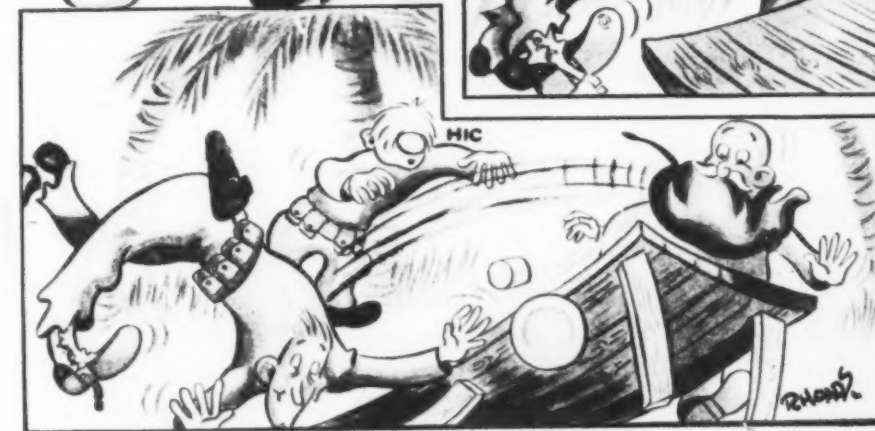
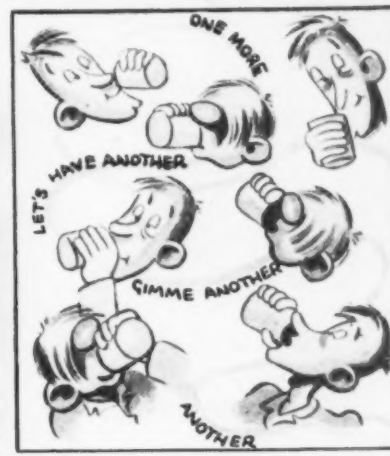
GOOD
FOOD

FOR



PLEASED
GUESTS

JOHN SEXTON & CO.
CHICAGO—BROOKLYN
DALLAS—ATLANTA—PITTSBURGH



I. Q. Answers from page 48

1. It is from "Casey at the Bat" by Ernest Lawrence Thayer, 1863-1940.
2. (b) 3. (b) 4. (a) 5. (b) 6. (c) 7. (c) 8. (b)
9. The American Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the World War.
10. (b) 11. (c) 12. (b) 13. (b) 14. (a) 15. (a) 16. (b)
17. (a) 18. (c) 19. (b) 20. (b)

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Members of THE LEATHERNECK ASSOCIATION is hereby called, and will be held at the Marine Barracks, Eighth and Eye Streets, S. E., Washington D. C., on February 3, 1944, at 1:00 P. M., for the transaction of any and all business that may come before said meeting.

WALTER W. HITESMAN, JR.
Captain, USMC,
Secretary-Treasurer.



Here's a-plenty —FOR NOTHING

Oh, no, you've been a Leatherneck too long to believe that you can get something very valuable without cutting into your folding money to pay for it.

Nevertheless, Mr. Marine, what we say is true. It's education you can get. Most valuable of all valuables. And it's your own Marine Corps Institute, located in Washington, D. C., that offers you a large number of educational courses without your spending a cent.

You study by the correspondence method. This means that you may proceed with your course as fast as you wish. You study during your spare time wherever you are stationed.

★

Here are a few of the courses you may study

Aviation Mechanics	2nd Lt. Preparatory
General Radio	Good English
Radio Operating	Machine Shop
Short Mechanical	Reading Shop
Drawing	Blueprints
Civil Engineering	Gas and Electric
Surveying	Welding
and Mapping	Diesel Engines
Refrigeration	Internal Combustion
Bookkeeping and	Engines
Business Forms	Automobile Technician
Stenographic —	Special Automobile
Secretarial	Engines
Post Exchange	High School Subjects
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For enrolment application blanks and full information, write now to —

U. S. MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Name _____

Address _____

NOTE: Since the Marine Corps Institute was first founded, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa., have had the privilege of supplying the Institute and Marines with certain lesson texts and services. It is to the Institute and the Marine Corps that I. C. S. dedicates the above message.



Gyrene Gyngles

★ ★ ★

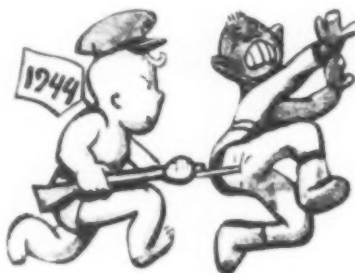
HAPPY NEW YEAR

Hello, Leatherneck, daddy mine
Your baby arrived and doing fine
God from above sent me here
To keep Mommy comp'ny while you're away.

She dried her eyes, has no time for cryin'
A new song for "baby lullaby'in"
Go to sleep little baby mine
Your daddy, be home next year this time.

Now close your eyes and go to sleep
You never whimper, not even a peep
In my arms rest your little sleepy head
You'll have your Marine dad next year, tuck you in bed.

Barbara Ross.
New York, N. Y.



TO MY SWEETHEART

I want to make an admission,
I must break this news to you.
I'm asking for your permission,
For it's the honorable thing to do.

Since I've been on the Rifle Range
I've encountered something real,
And when I explain, it may sound strange,
But please, understand how I feel.

I met a thing of beauty,
She was sent from the Lord above,
And I know that it's my duty
To admit to you it's love.

Perhaps you may be jealous,
Or think it just a trifle,
The thing that's come between us,
Is my Garand M-1 Rifle.

—StSgt. Michael Muzzola,
USMC.

Dog Trng. Co.
Camp Lejeune

REQUEST NUMBER

You can have your Army khaki
You can have your Navy blue
But there is still another fighter
I'll introduce to you.

The uniform is different
The best you've ever seen
The Huns call him the "Devil Dog"
But his real name is Marine.

He is trained in Parris Island
The land that God forgot—
Where the sand is fourteen inches deep
And the sun is scorching hot.

He has set many a table,
And many a dish he has dried,
He also learned to make a bed
And a broom he sure can glide.

He has peeled a million onions
And twice as many "spuds"
And spends his leisure time in
Washing out his "duds".

Now listen, girls take this advice,
I'm passing on to you,
Go get yourself a nice Marine,
There's nothing he can't do.

And when he goes to Heaven,
To St. Peter he will tell,
"Another Marine reporting Sir."

I've done my stretch in Hell.
And if St. Peter turns him down,
Right back to Hell he'll go,
To kick the Devil off the throne,
And he'll boss the whole damn show.

Anonymous.

CHEVRON

My heart is beating wild with joy,
I know a proud emotion;
My lad is brave and bold and true.
He's had a big promotion!

Here, Lieutenant! Have your gold!
Captain! Keep your bars!
Colonel! Here's your fine insignia!
General! Take your stars!

I wouldn't take your pretty braid,
Your whole bright galaxy
For all the glory of this stripe—
My lad's a PFC!

Helen Ann Raiber.
Allentown, Pa.

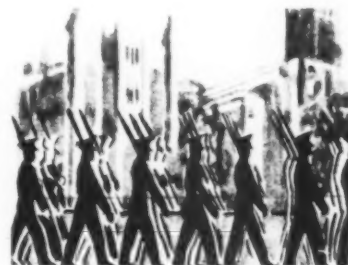
A WIFE'S PRAYER

Into the far-flung battleneld
He goes with all his pride.
A sturdy blue-eyed smiling lad
With burning heart inside.

A heart that's filled with love so strong,
No war could ever break,
Nor death, nor blood, nor foreign lands
From me can ever take.

And every day you'll hear me say
In faithful loving prayer
"God, keep him safe within your arms
While he is over there."
"Watch over him and show him the way,
Wherever he might be."
And God, in answer to my prayer,
Will bring him back to me.

Mrs. Jeanne Barr.
Washington, D. C.



THE DARTMOUTH MARINES' HYMN

From the ivy walls of Topliiff Hall
To New Hampshire down the street
There resounds the thunderous echo of
Twelve hundred marching feet.
We're serving in the colleges
Midst the academic scenes
To raise the mental average of
The United States Marines.

We're the flower of the nation,
Future leaders in the fray.
Uncle Sammy's delegation
To preserve the college way.
"Help maintain the universities!"

Is our stirring battle theme,
And to this we dedicate ourselves,
As United States Marines.

Fearlessly we face the future days
And the dangers in our path;
Offenses, both class B's and A's;
Naval Orgy, Chem and Math.
When the records of this war are writ
And we're asked where we have been
We will proudly say we did our bit
As college boy Marines.

PFC R. J. Cummings,
USMC.

MD, Navy V-12 Unit
Dartmouth College
Hanover, N. H.

The Marines' Task

by Lieut. Gen. Thomas Holcomb

Text of an address by the Commandant at New York on October 27.

This occasion serves to remind us that in spite of natural rivalry between the Army and the Navy and the Marine Corps, we have achieved in this war a notable integration and coordination between the services that has been an important element in our success to date. The Marine Corps, of course, is part of the Navy, but I hope I'm not indulging in wishful thinking when I say that if we were orphans I think the Army would be willing to take us in.

In this connection, it may amuse you to know that in the South Pacific recently, Marines and the Army have been fighting a little war of poetry. One of our men started the affair with a composition called "Our Fighting Men", dedicated, of course, to the soldiers. Here's the way it starts—

"A Marine told a sailor on Guadalcanal
'The Army is coming, think of it, pal—'
The Corporal answered him, 'All right, then,
Let's build a clubhouse for Our Fighting Men.'
'A Seabee rolled up and he asked, 'What's the score?

The wagons and cruisers all laying off shore?
And scads of destroyers are sweeping the bay.
Is the Army finally landing today?"

"Their generals outrank ours, so they'll take command.

New rules and new orders will govern the land.
They'll have some M.P.'s to push us around
When the Army takes over it sure shakes the ground."

"We can take it," said the Raider. 'It won't be long

'Til the Admiral bellers, and we'll shove on.
And a little while later we'll be landing again.
To make New Guinea safe for Our Fighting Men'."

I gather that the Army got a little tired of hearing this poem recited by Marines in the area, because before long some unknown soldier genius came up with a reply titled "Well, Whose Marines?" This really is a great tribute to the Corps. I'll give you one verse—

"We want him to be cocky, he's welcome to his pride.

They scratch him off the muster right at the warship's side.

He makes the contact for us—that's what it's all about—

The Navy dumps him in there. The Army gets him out."

Then it ends—

"We do not heed the yapping—we go our way serene,

For we are in his Army, and he is our Marine!"

Thanks to the training of the men in all branches of the service, and to the team-work between the branches, we have carried the war today to a point where we can see certain victory ahead. It may be a long time coming, and it may be costly to achieve, and certainly we have no right to take things easy or indulge in self-congratulations. But I think we are entitled to look back briefly on what we have done in the last three years and take stock. The strides we have made have been a rude shock to our enemies, and ought to be a source of gratification to ourselves. In retrospect, the tasks and the accomplishments of these three years have been truly herculean.

Three years ago, we still were a nation at peace—not only in fact, but in our attitudes and our way of life. Many believed that somehow this all-engulfing war would pass us by,

and that we had no real reason to fight at all. Our Army consisted of 257,655 officers and men. Our Navy numbered 157,986 officers and men, and our Marine Corps had 26,801 officers and men. Our production of tanks, guns, military vehicles, munitions and other military supplies was practically nil. We were making some aircraft of excellent quality, but numerically the output was small compared to that of other nations.

No wonder the Axis was disdainful of us as a potential enemy! For ten years, more or less, the dictator nations had concentrated all their energies and resources on building their war machine, while we were living in a dream world. Hitler and company sneered at us—a soft, weak, "decadent" democracy, without the will or power to fight even if the war was thrust on us. And for a time it looked to much of the outside world as if he might be right. Many men in many nations believed that the Axis was invincible, and that the free peoples of the democracies indeed were doomed.

IMPOSSIBLE IS ACHIEVED

But during our history we Americans more than a few times have proved that we can do what seemed impossible. In the short space of three years we have built an Army of more than 7,000,000. Our Navy now has 2,000,000 men and thirteen times the number of fighting ships we had in 1940, despite considerable losses in the interim. Our Marine Corps has expanded to a body of over 300,000 of as well-equipped, as highly-trained fighting men as any in the world. As we all know today, the conversion of industry from peacetime to wartime production, and the subsequent production of war goods, will stand as one of the great epics of our national life. We now have the greatest merchant marine in the world, an air fleet that dwarfs that of any other nation, and unlimited quantities of munitions and other equipment. Furthermore, in nearly every category our production still mounts steadily. We have created, in three short years, one of the world's greatest military powers.

GAINS ARE IMPRESSIVE

The mere recital of these figures and these gains is impressive enough, but they do not begin to convey an idea of the almost overwhelming difficulties that have been surmounted, the incredible amount of planning that has been necessary. Reflect for a moment that a single Marine Division requires 20,039 small arms weapons, 1,133 machine guns, 162 pieces of artillery, 54 tanks, 557 "jeeps", and many trucks, trailers, and engineer vehicles. This division requires 13 ships, each of 10,000 tons, for an overseas movement. A single squadron of dive bombers must have 18 planes. In a single day's operations this squadron will use 36 1,000-pound bombs, and 11,160 gallons of gasoline and oil. When sent overseas a single squadron occupies the cargo and troop spaces of a 10,000-ton ship. So that our forces can strike with maximum power and effectiveness, all these and a multitude of other supplies must be available in the right place at the right time. Furthermore, every man who fights and uses these supplies represents at least six months of training, and an investment of over \$750 to turn him into a hard, able fighting man.

The creation of this great power of ours



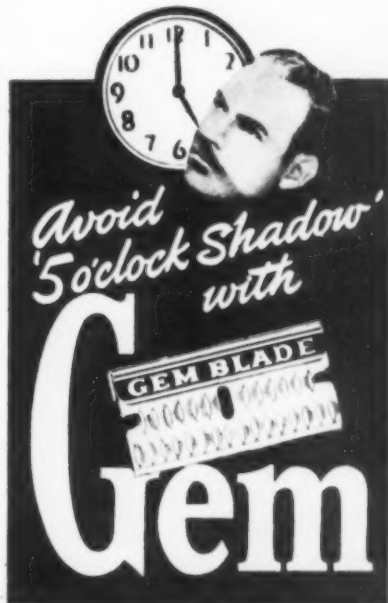
"But I don't want to go home
since you got rid of that
'5 o'clock Shadow'!"



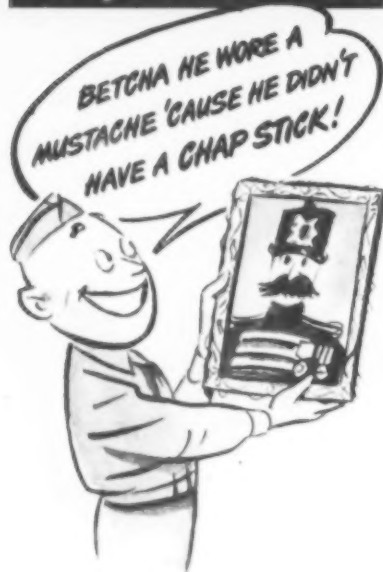
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could not have been accomplished if it had not been for the fact that during the years of peace we maintained, in the Army, Navy and Marines, a corps of experts, military executives and planners, who were ready, when the call came, to start the tremendous job of building our war machine from virtually nothing. These military experts were matched, in civilian life, by the production geniuses of assembly line, turret lathe, mine, field and forest. Together these two groups have saved America in one of her most critical hours. Together they have given the lie to those who proclaimed that our democracy was too lazy to work and too soft to fight. Of course we have made mistakes, both on the home front and in the actual prosecution of the war. But on the whole, this gigantic effort has been made, and these vast goals reached, with efficiency.

This war is unlike any other in history, not only on account of its scope but also the nature of the fighting. It is the first war in which landings and amphibious operations have played so vital a part, most previous wars having been fought on land exclusively. Landing operations are, of course, the most difficult of all military maneuvers, and have so been acknowledged by all authorities throughout history. By the same token, they also are apt to be the most costly of all operations.

WON FAME IN ATTACK

General James Wolfe, who won fame in his attack at the landing in Quebec in 1759, was himself the son of a Royal Marine Officer. As a past-master of amphibious warfare, he once described the hazards—as well as the importance—of landing operations, as follows:

"I have found out that an Admiral should endeavor to run into an enemy's port immediately after he appears before it; that he should reconnoiter and observe it as quickly as possible, and lose no time in getting the troops on shore. Experience shows me that, in an affair depending on vigor and despatch, the generals should settle their plan of operations so that no time may be lost in idle debate and consultations when the sword should be drawn; that pushing on smartly is the road to success, and more particularly so in an affair of this sort; that nothing is to be reckoned an obstacle to your undertaking which is not found really so on trial; that in war something must be allowed to chance and fortune, seeing that it is in its nature hazardous and an option of difficulties; that the greatness of an object should come under consideration, opposed to the impediments that lie in the way; that the honor of one's country is to have some weight; and that, in particular circumstances and times, the loss of a thousand men is rather an advantage to a nation than otherwise. . . .

The U. S. Marine Corps always has had a predilection for this kind of amphibious fighting. The Marine Corps history dates back to 1775, a year before the Declaration of Independence, the first service authorized by the Continental Congress. For nearly one hundred and seventy years, Marines have been specializing in amphibious warfare, and I believe the Corps has fought more continuously than any other service. We conducted landing operations during the Civil War, and again during the Spanish-American War. The Marines landed at Guantanamo Bay in Cuba. They landed in Haiti, and Nicaragua, and at other places in Latin America and the Caribbean. They landed in China at the time of the Boxer Rebellion. Always, when trouble required the presence of United States forces, the Marines were first on the scene. This has given the Corps its great background of practical experience, and also has led to the development of a unique *esprit de corps*.

There is a notion in some quarters that a Marine is primarily a roughneck with tremendous fighting ability and unlimited courage.

Well, we have seen his courage and his fighting ability at Guadalcanal and Wake Island and a score of other places in this war. But what the public sometimes forgets or overlooks is the fact that the individual Marine is an expert in his particular specialty. As a strategic force we obviously do not compare in size with either the Army or Navy. We are not big enough to fight whole wars by ourselves. But what we lack in size, we make up in experience and specialized knowledge. In spite of our growth we are still a highly specialized service trained especially for amphibious operations.

JOIN CORPS VOLUNTARILY

Marines for the most part join the Corps voluntarily. Because of the comparatively small number of Marines, every man receives the most thorough and intensive training possible. I believe this training is unmatched. No soldier is better equipped, better fed, better doctored and better cared for. It also is true that in the course of training the men develop a rather special feeling about themselves as Marines and a special feeling—call it pride if you will—about the service. They think of themselves as a group apart, and they are jealous of their standing and organizational independence in the Corps. They are trained to work as independent units in perfect coordination with the Navy, and when occasion requires it, with the Army.

The Marine emerges from his training with a high degree of individual initiative. True Marine isn't cocky, as he sometimes made out to be, but he is self-confident, with the self-confidence that comes with knowing you have learned your job well. I recall one Marine who told me that his training had changed his whole outlook on life, by giving him a feeling of confidence in himself for the first time. And this feeling of confidence and individual initiative is something which Marine training deliberately instills in the men.

The type of operations in which we specialize often demands in modern warfare that men working in small units or alone be able to carry on independently. Marines know how to improvise and are taught how to survive and fight in any circumstances when the occasion requires it, without benefit of the rule book or orders from a commanding officer. This kind of fighting by individuals or small combat units operating independently is not confined exclusively to the Marines. We see the same thing in aerial and tank warfare, for example, and it is one of the most important developments in modern war. Today the unit, the in-



"We Probably Won't Get any Dances Tonight the Way Ol' Sarge Pulls Her Rank."

dividual, the picked specialist is of greater importance than ever before. And the Marine Corps ever since its formation in 1775 has concentrated on producing just such specialists, just such individualists.

ASSIGNMENT OUTLINED

Our chief assignment during the last twenty years has been to perfect the most modern techniques of amphibious warfare and to develop an amphibious expeditionary force of specialists of the kind I have described.

In this period we endlessly studied the practical and theoretical aspects of landing operations, and have analyzed the causes of success and failure of such operations in the past—Gallipoli and the German landings in the Baltic Islands in 1917—to mention two. As early as 1924 a force of Marines participated in combined amphibious training exercises with our fleet at Panama, and from 1931 to 1938 such exercises were held regularly in the Caribbean and at Hawaii.

Our Marine Corps Schools made the initial studies on combat unit loading, naval gunfire support, and the offensive use of chemicals in an amphibious operation. Out of our experience we developed the indispensable rubber boat, and applied to our special use the amphibian tractor. Any new weapon or new method which might be useful in our specialized operations was thoroughly tested. Nothing was rejected simply because it had never been tried before and might upset established ways of doing things.

CONDUCTED EXPERIMENTS

Many years ago, while controversy raged over the value of the airplane and the proper military and naval use of airpower, the Marine Corps was quietly conducting its own experiments, and was learning to employ planes which took off from carriers and came down on land as air support and as a means of supplying ground troops. Like all other parts of the whole, our air has been integrated and coordinated as an important member of a team. In passing, I might mention that the words of the Marine anthem recently have been changed to read. . . . "We fight our Country's battles, in the air, on land, on sea."

In the twenty years of training and experimentation that I have mentioned we have developed the finest force of its kind in the world, and one which has already played a crucial role in this war. Marine operations to date in the Pacific have been of the utmost importance, but these operations have been small compared to what will come. It won't be long before our forces are spearheading invasions on a grander scale. The action of the Marines on Guadalcanal has a special significance which is probably not generally recognized. It was our Country's first successful land offensive in this war, and I have no doubt the reason the Japanese continued to come back and back, was because it was the first time in their history they were forced to give up territory under the control of their sacred emperor.

But the contribution of the Marine Corps to date transcends the actual fighting which we have done. Just as individual Marines during their training learn to be members of a team, each with a special part and each having the responsibility for initiative, so the Marine Corps as a whole has played its part in the larger team composed of Army, Navy, and Marines. When war was imminent, we were able quickly to give the benefits of our training to the Army and Navy. Thus it has been possible in record time to train huge forces of men to become proficient in this most highly skilled branch of military science. The landing opera-

tions in Africa, Europe, and the Aleutians contained officers and men who received this Marine training—a fact which should help silence those who complain of lack of cooperation between the services. This has been, I believe, the great contribution of the Corps, above and beyond the heroic performance of our men in actual combat.

VICTORY BROUGHT

Thanks to those men, victory has been brought closer, perhaps by years. As I said before, it still may be far distant in time, but it is not too soon to be giving thought to what we shall do after it finally is won. When the last war ended, the nation demobilized as quickly as it had armed a few years earlier. Understandably in a peaceful country, there was a widespread popular revulsion against war and everything connected with it, including the services. For many years the Army and Navy were kept at the bare minimum of strength, and were begrudged funds necessary to develop new equipment. Now, the last thing any of us wants to see is the United States converted into a militaristic state, forever committed to maintaining huge standing forces. But I believe that after this war, we cannot afford to allow ourselves to drift into the same state of mind—and state of woeful unpreparedness—as after the last war. Hating and fearing war as much as we did, we actually invited it by refusing to maintain our strength and to assert it early and often. Who can say whether this war might not have been averted entirely if we had had the might and the courage to say "No" that day in 1937 when the China war began at Lu Kou Chiao, The Marco Polo Bridge, or before, when Mussolini's men marched into Ethiopia? Or when Hitler took Austria? Or at Munich?

Nevertheless, we were able to meet the great emergency of this war mostly because of the courage, zeal, and devotion of those who labored under great handicaps during the years of uneasy and insecure peace. Those men deserve our deepest thanks and respect, and the men who will guard our security in the post-war future likewise will deserve the respect of the whole nation. It should be regarded as an honor to serve with the armed forces in peace—as well as war—an honor that attracts the very highest type of man in the country. Modern war is an infinitely complicated business and we shall need the best brains in the country to direct our military establishments.

In the meantime, however, we still have a war to win. The Marines are again ready—and more than willing—to land anywhere, anytime, and along with the Army and the Navy I am confident that they will exercise an important role in spearheading the landings on the main island of Japan.



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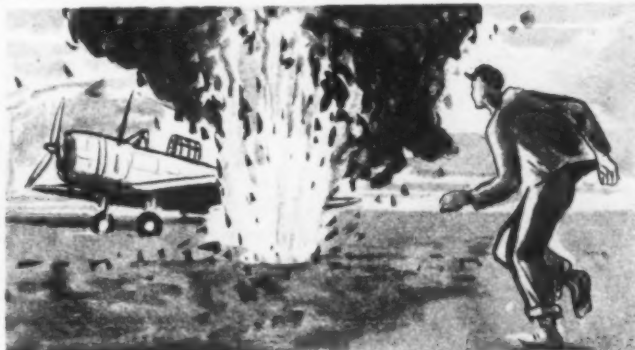
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Marine Corps Casualties, Missing and Dead, from October 15, 1943, to November 15, 1943:

DEAD

ARKANSAS
VANDUSEN, Clyde, Jr., 1st Lt., Malvern
CALIFORNIA
GARRETT, Theodore G., 1st Sgt., Brawley
MURRAY, William B., 1st Lt., Brea
GEORGIA
NAY, Riley, Jr., PFC, Decatur
ILLINOIS
MILLER, Everett L., Pvt., Springfield
WATKINS, Robert O., PFC, Evanston
MICHIGAN
RUNYAN, Francis R., Pvt., Fenton
NEW JERSEY
DZIKI, Joseph S., PFC, Manville
NEW YORK
BAUM, Ralph G., Sgt., Iliou
DUNN, John M., PFC, Flushing
WALRATH, Raymond F., Pvt., Mohawk
NORTH CAROLINA
EDWARDS, James E., Pvt., East Lumberton
LASHLEY, James M., PFC, Newport
OWENS, Robert E., Pvt., Kings Mountain
PEACOCK, Gilbert H., Jr., Pvt., Salisbury
NORTH DAKOTA
OEN, Arnold K., Corp., Williston
OHIO
SCHLOTTMAN, Howard E., PFC, Cleveland
SHAFFER, Howard E., PFC, Springfield
OREGON
STUDER, John W., PFC, Baker
PENNSYLVANIA
ROBSON, William S., Jr., 1st Lt., Carnegie
TEXAS
BENNETT, Wayland E., 2nd Lt., Tenarkton
WASHINGTON
BARNES, Arthur C., PFC, Chelan
WISCONSIN
GOETZ, George X., Sgt., Milwaukee

MISSING

CALIFORNIA
DZAMA, Edward R., Sgt., Santa Ana
FINNIE, Frank J., Corp., San Gabriel
QUINER, Dugald L., Jr., PFC, San Diego
GEORGIA
WYNNE, Kelly A., Pvt., Macon
INDIANA
WEIDNER, Lyle C., Pvt., Monterey
IOWA
ALEXANDER, Robert A., 1st Lt., Davenport
KANSAS
MILLER, Joseph D., Pvt., Fort Riley
LOUISIANA
McCARTY, Alexander F., Corp., New Orleans
MASSACHUSETTS
HANSON, Robert M., 1st Lt., Newtenville
MICHIGAN
SADRAKULSKI, Stanislaus, Pvt., Detroit
MISSOURI
KLASER, Wilbur O., PFC, Saint Louis
LAKE, Fred W., Jr., Major, Kansas City
NEBRASKA
HARRIS, Walter E., 1st Lt., Hebron
NEW YORK
FIELD, Philip, 1st Lt., Buffalo
GIANQUITTO, Michael, Pvt., Albany
McMAHON, Oliver K., 2nd Lt., Rockville Center
NORTH CAROLINA
RAY, Virgil G., 2nd Lt., Halleboro
OHIO
HALL, James T., 2nd Lt., Oberlin
PETTIT, Jack W., 1st Lt., Canton
PENNSYLVANIA
ADAMS, George G., Corp., Franklin
WISCONSIN
KEISTER, Robert L., 1st Lt., West Allis
PETERSON, Vernon L., Pvt., Danbury

The casualties listed above bring the grand total reported to next of kin since December 7, 1941, to 7272, which breaks down by classifications as follows:

Dead	2108
Wounded	2576
Missing	640
Prisoners of War	1948

Totals..... 7272

The Leatherneck Visits



Up the escalator go boxes of clothing ready for shipment to Marines overseas



Corporal Catherine McCafferty can find spare parts without checking the files

Depot of Supplies

DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC
SAN FRANCISCO

Women Marines have taken over nearly 300 jobs once considered men's work at the vast Depot of Supplies, Department of the Pacific, U. S. Marine Corps, which nestles in the shadow of the Bay bridge at 100 Harrison Street, San Francisco. Supplies of all types flow from this depot to the Marine fighting fronts. Colonel Arnold W. Jacobsen, depot quartermaster, says the gals are doing a bang-up job, even better than the men in some instances. In fact they have stepped into the men's shoes so well that new personnel at the busy depot

will be exclusively women, and more are reporting in every week. Captain "Pat" Terry, who took the pictures on these pages for The Leatherneck, found that the women Marines do just about everything— from typing to driving tractors, from posting records to putting radios in tanks, from drafting blueprints to selecting lumber. In command of the depot detachment's women Marines is Second Lieutenant Esther Greenwood of Santa Cruz, who used to be a high school vocational advisor. Top sergeant is First Sergeant Anita Fisher of Oakland, Calif.



Here's one job women Marines haven't taken over yet — loading drums of oil



This line of Marine Corps trucks at the Depot of Supplies is ready to move out for service somewhere in the Pacific area



View of the huge construction equipment lot gives some idea of the immense supply problem behind Pacific fighting fronts



Supplies loaded by Marines at the depot are checked by Sergeant Andrew Podesta



Corporal Alyda Marie Kendall was a stenographer back in Staatsburg, New York, but now she says she's having a lot more fun driving huge tractors and little jeeps around the storage yards



This is the ordnance supply room at the Marine Corps depot, chief source of material for Marine operations in the Pacific



Sergeants Ella Franklin Cooper and Nancy Bern check a lumber consignment at the depot and free two Marines for combat duty



Corporals Janice Best and Virginia Williard seem to know what they are doing here in the supply depot's drafting department



Sergeant Helen Olson evidently gets a big kick out of her job, which consists of working on technical equipment at the depot



GUADALCANAL DIARY
Millions have heard of this book and thousands read it. Richard Tregaskis, who was with the Leathernecks in the Solomons, is the author of this 263-page volume. It has been made into a movie which you'll see. \$1.00.



BATTLE FOR THE SOLOMONS
War Correspondent Ira Wolfert, another eyewitness to the fighting by Marines in the early stages of the Solomons, wrote this book. Literary critics hail it as excellent. \$2.00.



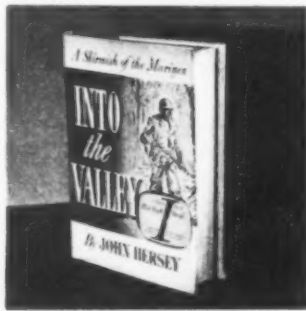
HISTORY OF U. S. MARINE CORPS
A hefty, information-packed volume of 555 pages, scores of pictures, devoted to the history of the Corps, dating from its organization in Revolutionary days. The author is Lt. Col. Clyde H. Metcalf. \$4.50.



GET TOUGH
Ways and means of outfighting the dirty-fighting Jap are explained in detail in Major Fairbairn's booklet. He learned much of his information from the Japanese themselves and passes it on to you. \$1.00.



MODERN JUDO
Seven hundred pictures in 528 pages illustrating modern methods of refined mayhem are in this book by Charles Yerkow. Aggressive tactics for defense and offense make this a valuable book for Marines. \$3.00.



INTO THE VALLEY
Acclaimed one of the best books written on the campaign on bloody Guadalcanal. Author John Hersey proved most adept at capturing the thoughts and moods of the U. S. Marines in the fighting. \$2.00.



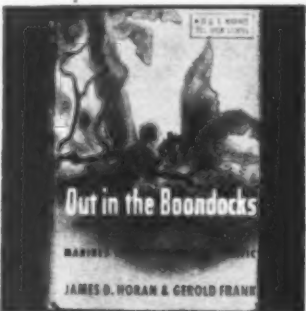
MANEUVER IN WAR
Basic lessons gleaned from military history as handed down by the old masters of war are contained in this 286-page, well illustrated volume on battle tactics. Brig. Gen. Charles A. Willoughby is the author. \$3.00.



AND A FEW MARINES
Highly entertaining tales of Marines—doubtless the best collection ever penned—are unfolded by the gifted Col. John W. Thomason, 26 years in the U. S. Marines. Enlisted men are the heroes. \$3.00.



LAST MAN OFF WAKE
Here is the real story of the historic stand of the Marines on Wake Island as related by Lt. Col. Walter L. J. Bayler, who was the lone man to escape death or capture in this epic chapter of battle. \$2.75.



OUT IN THE BOONDOCKS
The personal account of 21 Marine Raiders who saw action in the flaming Pacific. Here are the stories of men who have lived in Hell. Authors are J. D. Horan and Gerold Frank. \$2.75.

The Leatherneck Book Shop

Marine Barracks • 8th and Eye Sts., S. E. • Washington 25, D. C.

Enclosed is \$..... for the publications listed below

Name Rank

Organization P. M.

City State

How to Fly

When the smoke of bombs and fighter-plane cannon has cleared away Marines now flying military craft may well be flying light planes of their own.

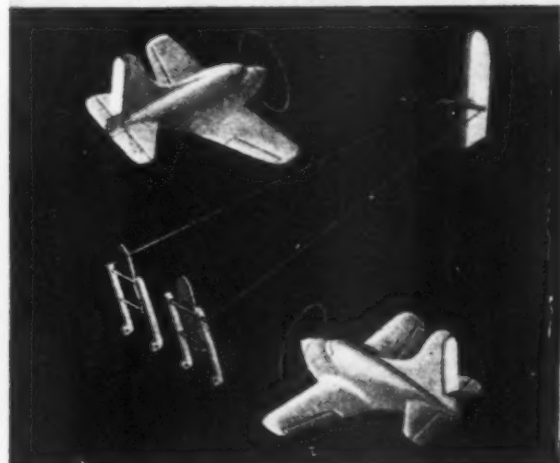
Here's how it's done. However, before taking off with these two pages in your hand, we recommend that you try it with an instructor for little while.

Control of the ship is maintained by manipulating the "stick" forward and back to go up or down, turning the wheel on it to rotate right or left (one wing up and the other down) and by pressing right or left pedal to steer as an automobile. The wheel on the "stick" replaces another type in which it is moved left and right instead of turning the wheel.

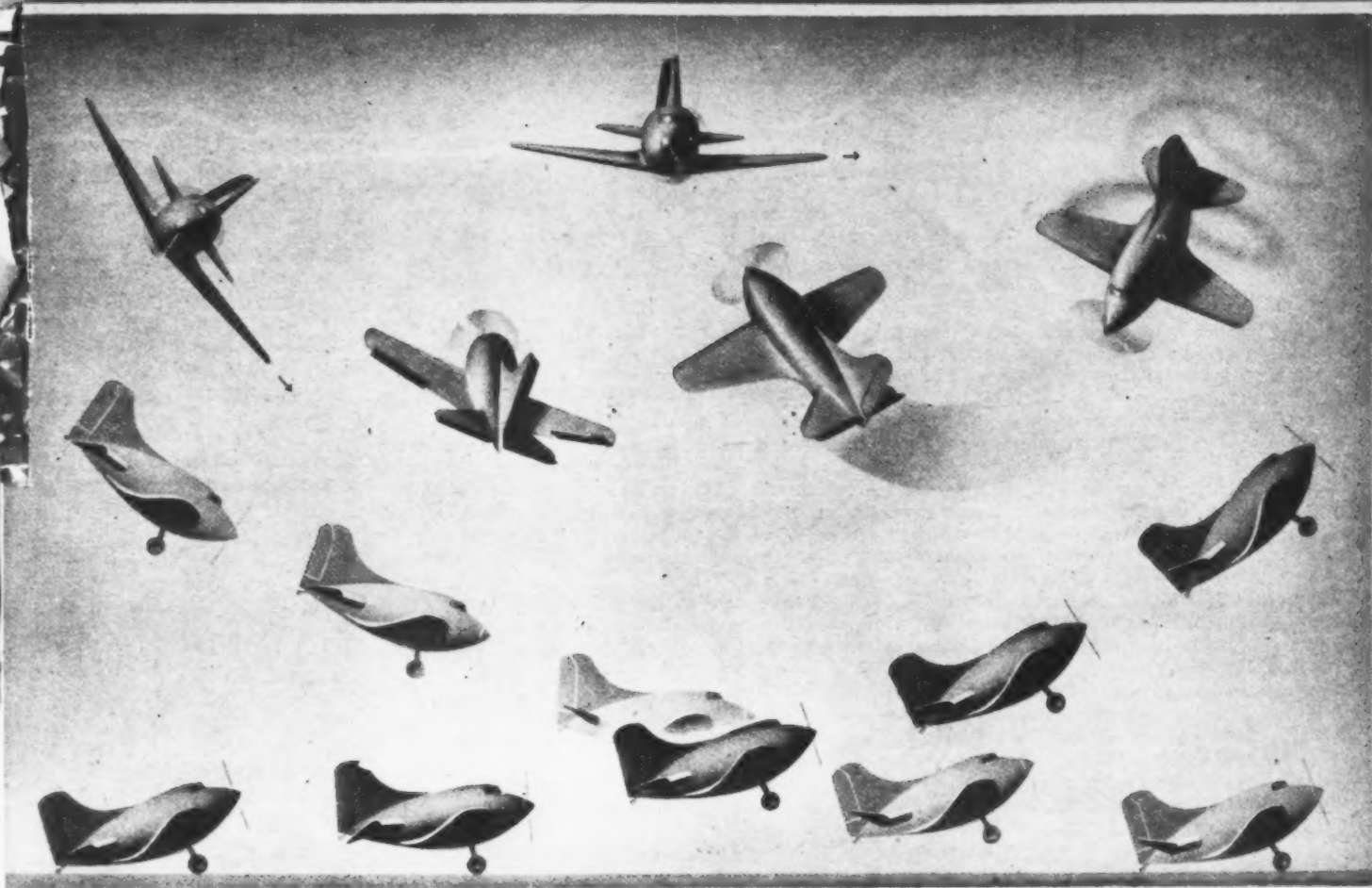
The instruments shown are the basic ones for just flying. Hydraulic pressure, condition of oxygen equipment, electrical gauges for the thousand and one things that a bomber or fighter needs in the air multiply this instrument panel many times. In the case of bombers with pilot and co-pilot, instruments are duplicated. The pilot and the co-pilot must check them so often that it becomes automatic.

Also, the instruments on the opposite page do not show a gyrocompass, a radio, an artificial horizon, and many other attachments today considered indispensable for ordinary flying.

In turning a plane, you must tilt it to present the flat surface of the wing against the air as a brake to counteract centrifugal force. If not, you do what is known as an "air-skid". Also, to turn you must nose up slightly to overcome slipping toward the earth sideways,



Rudder turns ship. Working two pedals like clutch on car, pilot steers with feet. Stream of air, flowing from the front to back, pushes against rudder, forcing the tail around in the opposite direction.



Taking off and landing (at bottom) are done almost entirely with the elevators, the other control surfaces being held steady. Turn (center left) is done with the ailerons, (banking the ship into the turn to prevent skidding, upper left). Upper right illustrates what happens when a plane suddenly loses flying speed and the control surfaces lose their effectiveness. The ship goes into a spiral out of control. The remedy is to stop the rotation of the plane by applying opposite rudder, stop the slip through use of the ailerons and increase speed.

or "airslip". Every plane has a "flying speed" below which it simply falls. This is useful in landing when you wish it to fall a mere three feet and touch its wheels to the ground. However, if done at any altitude, the plane is liable to "spin", at which point the controls suddenly are ineffective in the pilot's hands. The way out of a "spin" is illustrated here.

All these "skids" and "slips" and "spins" illustrate that the control of an airplane depends on keeping a steady and strong

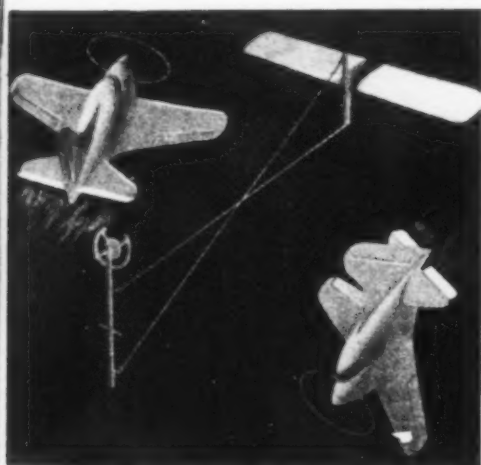
stream of air flowing over the control surfaces. Planes cannot fly sideways (except the helicopter) and attempting to will always make your control vanish, and the ship misbehave. The same way, flying speed is lost, controls become ineffective and a "spin" is the result. The way out of a spin is to nose down and increase speed.

This discussion covers light planes usually flown by private owners, which naturally do not have the powerful engines, split-second maneuverability and compli-

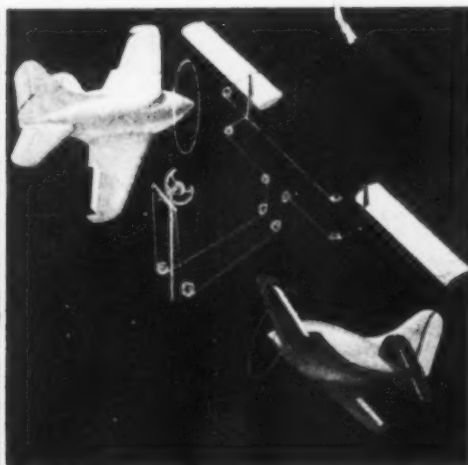
cated control systems of our military aircraft. For instance, many fast fighters and bombers do not land as illustrated here—they simply fly onto the field and stop with their brakes.

After you learn to fly, keeping the ship in control and going where you want becomes second nature, just as today you keep your car on the right side of the road, and at the correct speed, and prevent the motor from stalling, almost without thinking.

Courtesy Douglas Airview



Elevators move plane up, down. Moving stick forward lowers elevator into air stream. Pressure from below forces tail up, nose down. Pulling back on the stick forces tail down and the plane rises.



Ailerons tilt ship sideways. Pilot, by Turning Wheel to left, lowers right aileron and, by increased pressure on it raises right wing, while at same time other, coming up, lowers left wing. Plane is Ready to turn.



Instruments: Top, turn and bank indicator, tells position in air. Altimeter, tells height; oil temperature gauge; throttle and speed, r.p.m. indicator, speed of motor and the air speed indicator.

The Editor's Report

DEPENDENCY ALLOTMENTS

CASH payments to families and dependents of servicemen are greatly liberalized under revised legislation now in effect. If you're married, or if your parents, brothers or sisters are dependent upon you for support, it'll pay you to familiarize yourself with the new provisions.

The revision does these four big things for service personnel:

1—Opens dependency allowances to enlisted men of the top three pay grades; to members of women's reserves; to personnel of the Marine band and of the limited service Class 4.

2—Creates a new class of dependents (Class B-1) which consists of parents, brothers and sisters who are *chiefly* (more than 50 per cent) dependent upon the serviceman for support. Allowances for these dependents are increased, but there is no change in the deduction from your pay.

3—Eliminates the differential in the allowance for dependent parents, brothers and sisters as between married and unmarried servicemen. Class B and Class B-1 dependents now receive a full allowance whether or not the Government also is sending a check to wives and children (Class A).

4—Provides an "initial family allowance" to be paid wives and children and Class B-1 dependents for the first month of service without cost to the recruit—but *only* if application is made within 15 days after entering service in a pay status.

The new act also changes the amounts payable to many dependents. Wives, without children, continue to receive \$50 monthly. Allowance for a wife and one child is increased from \$62 to \$80, for additional children from \$10 to \$20. Husbands and children of women reservists receive the same allowances as wives and children—but *only* where they are dependent upon her for the majority of their income.

Class B dependents (who depend upon the serviceman or woman for *substantial*, but not *chief*, support) are allowed a total of \$37; this means a reduction in many cases. Allowances for Class B-1 dependents are: Fifty dollars monthly for one parent; \$68 for two parents, or a parent and a brother or sister, with \$11 more for each additional brother or sister; \$42 for a brother or sister, plus \$11 for each additional one.

Most important for servicemen to remember, however, is that it isn't necessary for you to do anything about the new act if Uncle Sam already is sending an allowance check to your family. Marine Headquarters will determine whether your dependents are Class B or Class B-1 status as quickly as possible—the law allows until March 1 to make the changeover.

Servicemen and women to whom the family allowance is newly opened must, of course, make application—the place to start is your company office.



BURKS

Major Arthur J. Burks is known to thousands of Marines as Training Officer at Recruit Depot, Parris Island. He was a D. I. at Mare Island in the last war and a regular officer from 1921-28. But to millions of American readers, Arthur J. Burks is best known as one of the most successful writers of detective fiction to wield a pen in the period before World War II.

"Indoctrinating" boots doesn't leave much time for fiction writing, but we'll try to be persuasive enough to be able to continue the "Gunny Tarr" stories, the first of which appears on page 40.

ROCKEFELLER

Nelson A. Rockefeller, whose article "The Americas Back the Attack" appears on page 18, has had an important part in solidifying relations between the United States and our sister republics to the south.

He has been Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs since that office was established in 1940. Since Pearl Harbor his organization has been concerned mainly with war activities, and prior to then with the national defense program. At the same time the Coordinator's office is laying the groundwork for unity of the Western Hemisphere after victory is won.



DRDEK

Most of the time Staff Photographer Frank Drdek is so busy taking pictures of other people that it's a bit of a novelty for him to appear in *FRONT* of a camera.

Making the *LEATHERNECK* into something of a picture magazine has kept Frank moving between Boston and Philadelphia (see December issue) and West Lafayette, Ind., to the campus of Purdue University where he shot the V-12 program as it appears on pages 24ff.

Traveling is old stuff to Drdek. Before joining the Marines, he handled picture assignments in every state in the Union as well as Cuba and Mexico.



Picture Credits

PFC. John Birch, pp. 30-31-32-66.
PFC. Frank Drdek, pp. 15-16-22-23-24-25-26-27.
Pvt. Joseph Schwartz, pp. 17-36-37-38-39.
Capt. Pat Terry, pp. 76-77—Marine Corps Public Relations.
Corp. M. Cornelius, Quantico Photo Section.

EDUCATION FOR VETERANS

THE President has submitted to Congress a proposal for a program of Federally-financed post-war education for servicemen. "We have taught our youth how to wage war," the President told Congress, "and we must also teach them how to live useful and happy lives in freedom, justice and decency."

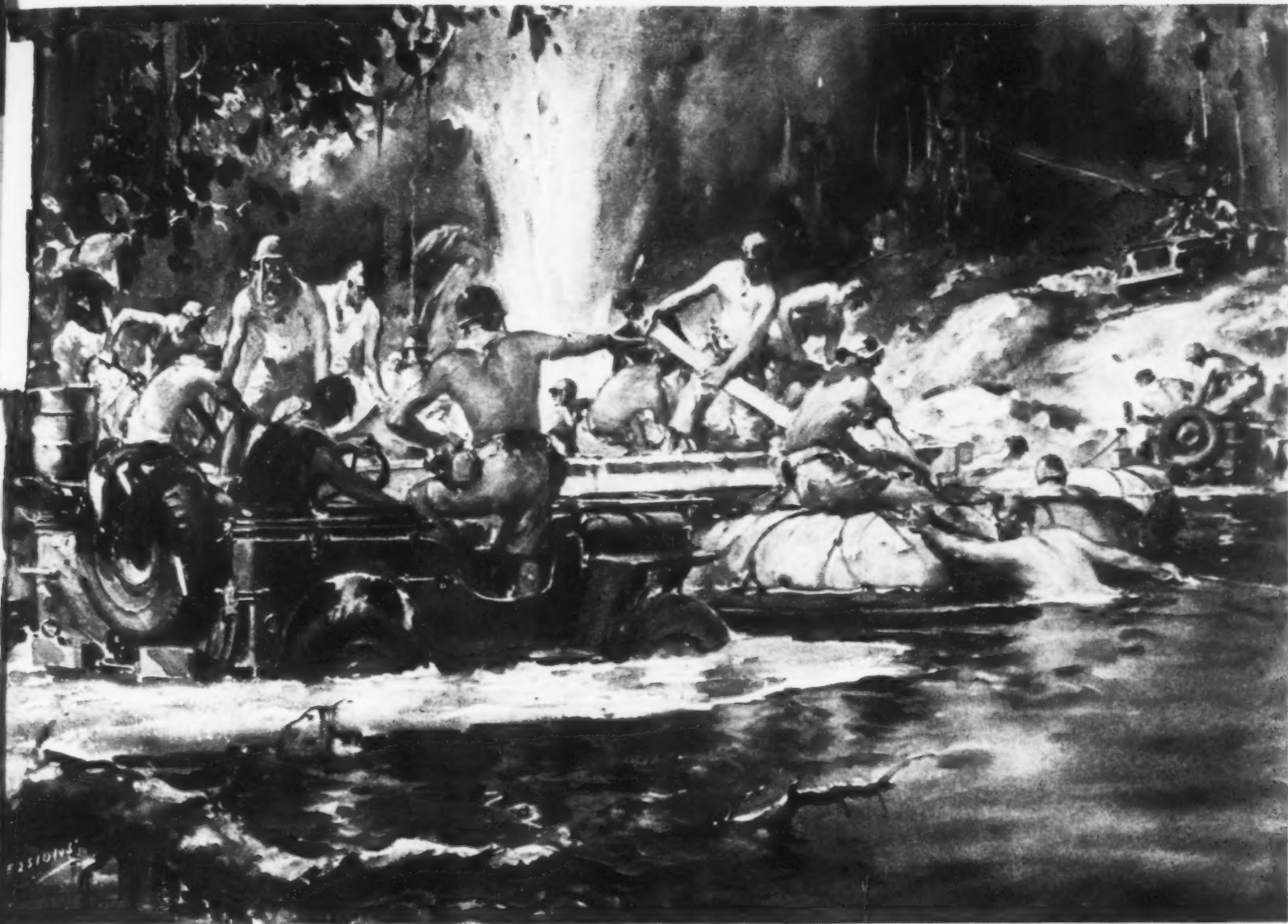
Specifically, the proposed program before Congress—the work of a joint service-civilian committee named by the President when the draft age was lowered to 18—would assure a maximum of one year's education after discharge to all servicemen and servicewomen who want it. In addition, a limited number of exceptionally talented servicemen, selected by examination, would be financed for one, two, or three years of academic training as a means of reducing the "deficit" in professionally and technically trained individuals inevitably accumulated during wartime.

The plan calls for the Government to pay tuition fees for those servicemen electing to resume their studies after discharge, and, further, to pay outright grants of \$50 per month to individuals, \$75 per month and \$10 for each child to married men during the time they are in school. In the case of the selected few for additional training, a further provision of loans up to \$50 per month is proposed.

Both the President and his committee have urged that the mechanics of this program be set up at once on the grounds that an increasing number of men are being discharged from service who could immediately resume their schooling. It is held that this would provide valuable guides to proper administration of the much bigger program when demobilization is started.

From the broader, long-term standpoint, the program has been put forward for reasons beyond the simple justice of affording to those whose schooling has been interrupted, an opportunity to continue their education. It would, for instance, act as an important cushion to the economic world during the period of demobilization, by providing useful activity for hundreds of thousands of servicemen during the industrial reconversion period.





THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
MIGHTY JEEP

ENGINEERS BRIDGE NEW GUINEA RIVER UNDER FIRE WITH JEeps FROM WILLYS-OVERLAND

A salute to the brave and vitally important U. S. Army Engineers

AN American army engineer who had just returned from active service in New Guinea, described this exciting incident. From his vivid picture Mr. James Sessions, famous war artist, painted the illustration above. The army engineer says it is "amazingly realistic." This is the story:

* * *

It was one of those hot, sweaty days in the jungles of New Guinea. Our fighters had driven the Japs back all the day before, through tangled jungle and over rocky scarps.

"They were just approaching a ponton bridge which we engineers had put across the river under cover of a typical morning mist, when an order came from our commanding officer for a flanking movement.

"A force was to cross the river about two miles downstream. And that meant another bridging job for the engineers, in broad daylight.

"With our combat guard, our trusty Jeeps from Willys-Overland and bridge equipment, we covered those two miles in nothing flat.

"The river was depth-tested, and a crossing point was selected. Then began the fastest bridge-laying operation I ever expect to see.

"We had hardly begun when we heard planes overhead and we all knew we were in for a job, *under fire*.

"The big pontons were quickly inflated. A Jeep hauled them into the water, one by one. Another Jeep nudged them into position and held them against the current. Skilled engineering hands secured the pontons and laid the flooring.

"Meanwhile, other Jeeps had ploughed across the river and their crews were blasting away at Jap planes that were continually bombing and strafing the operation.

"With the engineers and their 'mighty' Jeeps working as a perfect team, we laid that emergency bridge in record time.

"The last floor plank was hardly in place, when our flanking troops came into view. They crossed the bridge and the attack moved forward as planned—to give the Japs another helluva beating!"

* * *

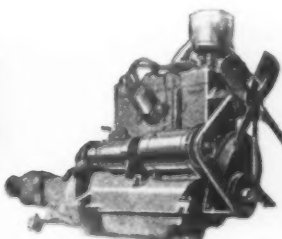
We salute the brave and efficient U. S. Army Engineers. They are the advance guard and trouble shooters who pave the way for our fighting forces, *wherever the going is tougher than tough*.

It was Willys-Overland's fine staff of engineers who, in close cooperation with Army Service Forces, designed and perfected the Jeep.

This unit of America's modern motorized army is procured and maintained by the Ordnance Department for our fighting forces—throughout the world. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.

WILLYS

JEOP MOTOR CARS, JEOP SCOUT CARS, JEOP PARTS, JEOP TRUCKS



The fighting heart of every Jeep in the world—and the source of its amazing power, speed, flexibility, dependability and fuel economy—is the Jeep "Go-Devil" Engine, which was designed and perfected by Willys-Overland, "Builders of the mighty Jeep".



EVERY BUMP is a spring-board when the "iron ponies" rear into action!

Over the Jumps—on Uncle Sam's "Iron Ponies"

They've Got What it Takes

● They're the hard-riding, swift-striking scouts of the mechanized forces—the motorcycle troops who ride their "iron ponies" into action over the toughest terrain! They're specialists, every one. And like their brothers in the other services, they have some very special preferences about the cigarettes they smoke. Let the two motorcycle roughriders below tell you why *their* cigarette is Camel.



"ACTION AHEAD!"...And in a twinkling, your motorcycle soldier is a fully-equipped fighting man!

CAMELS
SURE HAVE WHAT
IT TAKES!
PLENTY OF FLAVOR
—EXTRA
MILDNESS

YOU SAID IT,
BOB—
CAMELS SUIT
ME TO A
'T'

First in the Service

With men in the Army,
Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard,
the favorite cigarette is Camel.
(Based on actual sales records.)

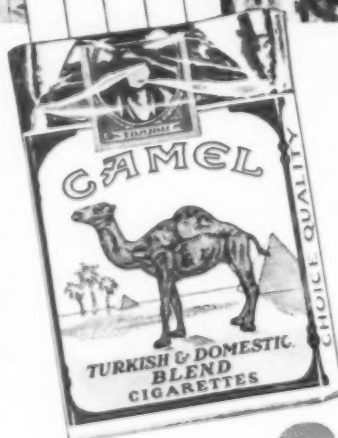


R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.



I FIND CAMELS
SO MILD AND
EASY ON MY
THROAT. AND
THEY'RE TOPS
IN FLAVOR

DOROTHY CANAVOR, war plant worker—like the men in the service, *her* cigarette is Camel. "I like Camel's delightful mildness," she says, "and their rich flavor is always a fresh treat."



Check Camels with
your "T Zone"

If you haven't smoked a Camel recently give them a try today. Compare them critically... for taste... for your throat... for your "T-ZONE." That's the real test of cigarette... of any cigarette. On the basis of the experience of millions of steady Camel smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that only Camel's blend of costlier tobaccos can give. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers. So try Camels today and see if they don't suit *your* "T-Zone" to a "T."



Camels

COSTLIER
TOBACCO

